

September COSMOPOLITAN

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HAND SAPOLIO

"Come on in:
The water's fine!"



Declaration

By Elbert Hubbard



I hold these truths to be self-evident:

- That man was made to be happy;
- That happiness is attainable only through useful effort;
- That useful effort means the proper exercise of all our faculties;
- That we grow only through this exercise;
- That education should continue through life, and the joys of mental endeavor should be the solace of the old;
- That where men alternate work, study, and play in right proportion the brain is the last organ of the body to fail, and death for such has no terrors;
- That the possession of wealth can never make a man exempt from useful, manual labor;
- That if all would work a little, none would be overworked;
- That if no one wasted, all would have enough;
- That if none were overfed, none would be underfed;
- That the rich and educated need education quite as much as the poor and illiterate;
- That a serving class is an indictment of and a disgrace to our civilization;
- That the presence of a serving class tends toward dissolution instead of toward cooperation;
- That the person who lives on the labor of others, not giving himself in return to the best of his ability, is really a consumer of human life;
- That in useful service there is no high nor low;
- That all duties, offices, and things which are useful and necessary are sacred, and that nothing else is or can be.





Drawn by Will Foster

"HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY TO HIM?" HE ASKED, POINTING TO THE CARRIAGE,
THE DOOR OF WHICH WAS NOW CLOSED

("Passers-By," page 420)

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The Revival of Plastic Art in Germany

By Kuno Francke, LL.D.

Curator of the Germanic Museum, Harvard University



IT may be doubted whether contemporary Germany possesses a sculptor of such surpassing genius that his work will, to future generations, stand as the perfect artistic embodiment of the whole variety of ideals that actuate modern life. It may even be doubted whether there is a German sculptor living who, in brilliant suggestiveness, can be compared with Rodin, or who is the equal of Meunier in democratic universality, or of Augustus Saint-Gaudens in refined modernness of feeling. But it certainly cannot be doubted that there is an astonishing vigor and virility in contemporary German sculpture, a passionate reaching out for new forms and new ideas, a genuine striving for a truly national style. And it is high time that Americans should open their eyes to this revival of plastic art in Germany and stop gaging German sculpture by the productions of tame academic correctness or pompous inanity which were the fashion thirty years ago. Fortunately the exhibition of German art which is to take place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art next winter will bring to view, besides much of the

best in contemporary German painting, representative works of the most recent German sculpture also.

At no time, perhaps, during the last hundred years was German art more justly subjected to hostile criticism than during the decade following the Franco-German War. That was the time when the Fatherland was being deluged by a flood of turgid glorifications, in bronze and marble and sandstone, of national prowess and martial triumphs. The Siegessäule at Berlin, with its barbarous rings of cannon encircling the shaft of the column and with the gilded and uncouth Victory clumsily overtopping it, is perhaps the saddest reminder of this era of perverted taste. But even the best of these German "Soldiers' Monuments," the "Germania" on the Niederwald by Johannes Schilling, although possessing a certain romantic glamour and charm, is conspicuously lacking in true monumentality and historic impressiveness. And among the more recent works of this class the equestrian statues of the old Emperor William, so profusely scattered over the length and breadth of the empire, are for the most part anything but true symbols of the sterling rectitude

of character on which the greatness of the first German emperor rested; the majority of them must be designated as pretentious trumperies, flimsy showpieces, hollow imitations of princely splendor and magnificence.

It would be invidious to deny that at the very seat of this courtly school of plastic art, namely Berlin, there has been produced during the last decade, by the side of much that is theatrical and flippant, a considerable body of sculptural work worthy of serious consideration and clearly indicative of an artistic revival. The prevailing character, to be sure, of this new Berlin art is decorative and ornamental.

Reinhold Begas, the acknowledged master of the school, is a man of great versatility and resourcefulness, of an exuberant imagination, and of remarkable cleverness in matters of detail. What he lacks is the sure grasp of essentials, the unperturbed vision of the one thing needful, the earnestness of purpose which, disdaining outward flourishes and paraphernalia, creates from within. His Schiller statue in front of the Royal Theater, his colossal apotheosis of William I opposite the royal castle, his Bismarck monument on the Königsplatz, are surely interesting and spirited productions. But do they bring out the innermost and abiding traits of the men whom they are meant to hand down to posterity? This Schiller, in his long flowing gown, with

laurel wreath and manuscript, is he the poet of the German people, the upholder of national ideals? This imperator on his gallant steed, led by a graceful maiden form, placed on an elaborate pedestal that is surrounded by floating Victories, roaring lions, standards, cannon, and chariots—this is the good patriarchal ruler whose life was simplicity and unpretentiousness itself? And this choleric Bismarck standing in an excited attitude in the

midst of fantastic allegories and mythological beasts—this is the founder of the new empire? The German people, with true instinct for what is genuine and sound, have declined to accept these monuments as representing their own view of national heroes. These monuments are decidedly *not* adequate embodiments of great historic characters. Their value is a purely formal one. They have a



REINHOLD BEGAS—CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO EMPEROR WILLIAM I, BERLIN

certain naturalistic dash, striking observation of detail, gracefulness of outline, intensity of movement, and brilliancy of grouping—all of which makes them pleasing to the eye and imparts to the spectator a certain amount of that satisfaction which the successful reproduction of the forms of nature arouses in us. And in this there seems to lie the chief merit of this whole Berlin school of sculpture. All of Begas's own work shows this prevailing quality; most strikingly so, perhaps, in his monumental fountain on the south side of the royal castle, a work of truly astounding

exuberance of imagination and fascinating lifelikeness of presentation. Here Begas seems at his best. And something of the same sort we find in the best work of other Berlin masters, such as Rudolf Siemering, known in this country by his ambitious Washington monument at Philadelphia; or Fritz Schaper, the author of the beautiful Goethe monument in the Thiergarten at Berlin; or even Gustav Eberlein, although in Eberlein a fatal tendency for mannerisms and operatic effects spoils all his finer qualities.

This then is the group of artists (their number might easily be doubled and trebled) chosen by the present emperor to embellish his capital with a superabundance of plastic monuments. Their shortcomings have been sufficiently indicated; but it seems only fair to say that the violent invectives directed against them by the majority

of German art critics seem hardly justified. The composite effect of their activity, if not great, is decidedly pleasing and agreeable. As a piece of impressive pageantry, the Siegesallee, in which so many of these artists were set to work in order to produce a monumental pedigree of the house of Hohenzollern, has few equals in other capitals of the world. And although one may regret that the limitation of their task to members of the Brandenburg dynasty prevented the sculptors of the Siegesallee from achieving something in the broadest sense national, yet even as it is this out-of-door gallery of portrait-statues contains not a few types of striking individuality and genuinely human interest.

It remains to speak of two sculptors of the Berlin group who, if I am not mistaken, are superior to all the rest in true artistic feel-



GUSTAV EBERLEIN—MIGNON AND THE HARPER

ing and power: Louis Tuaillon and Hugo Lederer.

Tuaillon has, I believe, not produced much, but two at least among his works are of such surpassing excellence that they outweigh scores of productions by more fertile artists: his "Amazon" and the equestrian statue of the Emperor Frederick. The "Amazon," which has lately been transferred from the courtyard of the National Gallery to a more suitable place in the Thiergarten, is one of those perfect works of art which need no commentary and which arouse above all the feeling of the absolute fittingness of every detail and the inevitableness of each circumstance. This lithe and elastic rider lightly perched on her muscular but slightly built steed seems indeed a daughter of the steppe; she seems one with her faithful horse; her own glance, as well as that of the horse, is directed into the far distance. Is an enemy approaching? Are friendly troopers in sight? Such questions are immaterial; enough that the whole group expresses intense but quiet expectation, and that we know with absolute certainty that both horse and rider will do exactly what is required when the moment of action comes. Here is indeed something which, in its own field, cannot be surpassed, although it has a

worthy parallel in the exquisite bronze statuette of an Amazon by Franz Stuck.

And can there be any doubt as to the genuine greatness of Tuaillon's equestrian monument of the Emperor Frederick, by the presentation of which to his native city a public-spirited citizen of Bremen has tried to undo the defacing of the splendid old market-place of the Hanse town through one of the most hideous Emperor William monuments in existence? The noble Frederick is not represented as a general: military achievements and honors were, after all, not what this most enlightened of princes aspired to. He is not represented as a ruler: fate did not allow him to direct the destiny of his people for more than the briefest time. He is represented as a man,

almost naked, only with the lightest suggestion of the costume of a Marcus Aurelius; and yet every muscle of this superb body and every line of this noble brow bespeaks his imperial dignity and his royal mind. Here again there is a climax of art: this is the second German emperor as he will live in the imagination of posterity, a kingly man, a hero of humanity.

Hugo Lederer, the other Berlin sculptor who cannot be classed with anyone else but stands out as a figure all by himself, is a man in the middle thirties. He, too, has



FRITZ SCHAFER—GOETHE MONUMENT IN THE THIERGARTEN, BERLIN

produced comparatively little. Among his minor works there is a group entitled "Fate"—a woman of heroic proportions and relentless movement dragging two prostrate human figures along with her, a conception which, in spite of its fantastic character, is carried out with true instinct for monumental effect. He has also done one of the very best monumental fountain statues that Germany possesses: the "Student" on the fountain in

the courtyard of the University of Breslau, a naked, athletic youth, fencing-sword in hand, just ready for the duel, a figure of fascinating energy and of truly Michel-angelesque boldness of design. But the work which gives to Lederer his unique position, not only among German sculptors but among all the artists of Europe and America, is his Bismarck monument at Hamburg. I am not exaggerating when I call this monument one of the greatest plastic achievements of all times.

The city of Hamburg some ten years ago opened a competition for a Bismarck monument of gigantic size. It was to be placed on the Stintfang, a hill on the outskirts of the business section of the town, command-



RUDOLF SIEMERING—BISMARCK MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT, RECENTLY UNVEILED

ing a view over the harbor and the river Elbe; and, like the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, it was to be a landmark for incoming and outgoing ships and a solemn palladium of the greatness and might of the new German empire. Lederer competed, and, in spite of a heated and acrimonious opposition, his designs were finally accepted.

There are not a few such colossal landmarks of national greatness on German soil. Among

older monuments of this kind might be mentioned the "Bavaria" at Munich, the "Germania" on the Niederwald, and the Hermann statue in the Teutoburg Forest; among the more recent, the Bismarck tower on Lake Starnberg and the Emperor William memorial on the banks of the river Weser where it breaks through the Porta Westphalica. Most of these monuments are either simply enlarged statues, in which case the size of the statue presents an irreconcilable conflict with its inner limitations; or they are mainly architectural structures in which the plastic decorations play an entirely subordinate part. Lederer alone has welded architecture and sculpture together. By making the statue the predominating feature

of the whole, but treating the statue in an architectural rather than a sculptural manner, he has created a monument which has the character both of a tower and of a giant and thus exerts a truly superhuman spell.

It is clear that an individualized portrait-statue of Bismarck, however much enlarged, would not have been able to produce such an effect. What Lederer needed was a col-

granite, iron clad from head to foot, holding a broadsword in front of him. These Roland statues, as they are called, take their name from the legendary paladin of Charlemagne, whose heroic death in the battle of Roncesvalles became in the early middle ages a favorite subject of ballad and epic poetry. Their frequent occurrence in German cities is explained by the fact that in the



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LOUIS TUAILLON—AMAZON, NOW IN THE THIERGARTEN, BERLIN

lective Bismarck, a Bismarck containing all the fundamental traits of the historical figure of our own day, but at the same time raised into the timeless sphere of the legend—Bismarck as a type, a symbol. The selection of the form which Lederer gave to this symbol was a clear stroke of genius. In the marketplace of many a German town there is to be seen an interesting relic of medieval tradition—a huge knightly figure in sandstone or

later middle ages Roland came to be looked upon as a guardian of city freedom and justice, and his image as a symbol of municipal law and sovereignty. This legendary tradition Lederer combined with the conception of Bismarck as a historical character: he made Bismarck the Roland of the new German empire.

Thus, then, has come into existence the extraordinary monument which now greets

the stranger on approaching Hamburg from the North Sea, just as Phidias's "Athena" is said from the Acropolis to have greeted the skipper on sailing around Cape Sunium. And no one who has seen it will ever be able to forget it. The height of the whole structure is about one hundred and thirty feet. A round foundation of roughly hewn blocks leads to a platform from which there rises another round towerlike understructure, articulated by eight projecting pillars, on the surface of which there are seen in relief the heroic outlines of naked men, repeating in a great variety of movements the one theme of power and vitality. From this understructure there rises the pedestal proper,

again round and towerlike and encircled by columns standing half free. And above this is the colossal granite figure itself, continuing the tower motive and yet adding to it a new and superior power.

Like the Roland of old, Bismarck is steeled from head to foot; like Roland, he holds a colossal broadsword in front of him, but instead of lifting it, as Roland usually does, he places it before him on the ground and rests both his hands on the hilt. And, again in distinction from the Roland motif, a wide heavy mantle falls over his shoulders and his back down to the ground, thus adding to the massiveness of the figure and also forming the background for two colossal eagles that



Courtesy of Mr. Hugo Reisinger

FRANZ STUCK—AMAZON, BRONZE STATUETTE

are cowering at the right and left, hiding the side view of the legs up to the knee. Thus the whole gigantic figure is held together by a wonderful unity. It seems like a plastic outgrowth of the architectural under-structure. No part of the body stands out from the rest with undue emphasis; nowhere are we distracted by too much or too elaborate detail.

No attempt has been made to obliterate the fissures between the granite blocks that compose the mighty figure; each block is seen in clear outline, and thus the whole structure appears almost as the result of the upbuilding forces of nature herself. Power in calm repose—this is the impression which forces itself irresistibly upon the spectator.

And above all this the head of Bismarck. Not the head of Bismarck at

a particular moment. Not the choleric Bismarck, or the cynic, or the boisterous humorist, or the parliamentary thunderer, or the aggressive diplomat, or the triumphant statesman. It is the head of the eternal Bismarck, the Bismarck that will go down into the legend of the centuries. It is not covered with a helmet; no vein on the forehead no line of the face, forces itself into prominence; but the great structural forms are brought out with unerring energy, and

the eyes exert, even from this towerlike height, that spell which no one who saw their flash in the living man will ever be able to efface from his memory. Thus it is that this head, in size so insignificant a portion of the whole monument, yet dominates every part of it. Thus it is that this one colossal man seems to relegate into

nothingness everything that surrounds him: the trees, the houses, the streets with their busy throngs. Here something has been achieved comparable only to the stupendous symbolism of ancient Egyptian art, and perhaps superior to it.

It is not easy to do justice to the rest of contemporary German sculpture when one comes from Lederer's "Bismarck." And yet there is enough of aspiration and achieve-



HUGO LEDERER—FATE

ment in other directions to make one feel that a new day has indeed dawned for German plastic art as a whole. Only two other representatives of this new life can here be characterized.

There are some German art critics who see in Adolf Hildebrand the greatest German sculptor of to-day. So much is certain, that since the days of Thorwaldsen and Rauch no other German sculptor has come nearer the ideal of classic beauty than he. It

really seems as though in him there had been reincarnated a contemporary of Polycletus or Lysippus. His "Drinking Boy," his "Sleeping Shepherd," his "Water-Carrier," his "Ball Player," and, above all, his "Hermes," are technically perfect representations of the human body. There is neither too much nor too little of detail; every muscle, every part of the body, follows exactly the laws of composite movement; and this movement is never exaggerated, never eccentric; it always results in a graceful balance between tension and relaxation, in a harmonious blending of contrasting motives. And the same merits are to be found in the one monumental structure on a large scale exe-

cuted by Hildebrand, the Wittelsbach fountain at Munich, the city with which the artist, next to Florence, has been most closely identified.

It would, however, be a mistake to think of Hildebrand as a representative of merely formal beauty. His wonderfully individualized portrait-busts show that he fully enters into the inner forces of life. I doubt whether since the days of the early Italian Renaissance there has been produced a gallery of plastic heads comparable in psychological refinement, in grasp of essentials, in noble realism, to Hildebrand's marble and bronze busts of the late Duke of Weimar, of Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria, of Bis-



LOUIS TUAILLON—EMPEROR FREDERICK STATUE AT BREMEN

marck, Böcklin, Döllinger, Brahms, Hans von Bülow, Helmoltz, Pettenkofer, Wilhelm Bode, and many other nameless personages, women as well as men. Never is there any striving in these busts for sensational effects, never is there undue emphasis on the accidental and the transient. The great fundamental traits of character are brought out with unflinching power; a whole life seems here concentrated in the mold of a forehead, in the lines of a mouth. Perhaps the finest of all are the heads of Böcklin and Döllinger. Whole volumes of psychological analysis might be written about these men without accomplishing what Hildebrand accomplishes here—the presentation of an intellectual and emotional type, the reproduction of life in its most spiritualized form.

In all this Hildebrand shows himself a truly great artist. But we also see the limitation of his power. He is great in the reproduction of life. He is not a creator of life in the very highest sense. His imagination is largely receptive—scientific, one might say. It collects data, it selects the essentials, it presents the results of analysis in perfect synthetic form. But it does not produce symbols, such as Lederer has produced in his Bismarck. It does not lead into new paths, as Rodin's clairvoyant imagination does. And so, with the signal exception of his portrait-

busts, Hildebrand's art has no special appeal to the modern man. It does not stir longings in us. It gives us precious possessions, but it does not revolutionize our inner self; it does not make us tremble with the awe of the infinite, it does not arouse in us the passion of the spirit.

Just here lies the innermost essence of the man with a brief consideration of whose plastic activity this sketch may fittingly be closed: Max Klinger. Klinger, it may at once be admitted, is not a perfect master of form. With the exception, perhaps, of some of his marvelous etchings, he has not produced a work of art, either in painting or sculpture, which completely satisfies our sensuous nature, which does not, by some fanciful whim, some naturalistic *tour de force*, some excess of imagination, mar the pure joy of "disinterested contemplation." What a strange whimsical conception to represent an Amphitrite as a torso, with-

out arms! What a bewildering, benumbing, grossly materialistic effect there is exerted by the naturalistic tints of his "Salome," technically marvelous as it is! And the group called "Drama"—what riddles, what puzzles, are here forced upon us! It has been described by a distinguished art critic in the following words: "Dark of countenance and with desperate tension of his bent, doubled-up



HUGO LEDERER—BISMARCK MONUMENT AT HAMBURG



MAX KLINGER—STATUE OF BEETHOVEN IN THE LEIPZIG MUSEUM

body a naked man is tearing a gnarly trunk from the stump of a tree. A naked woman, whom he seems to be defending, lies prostrate on the ground and clutches with fading strength a protruding rock; she is held up, supported, comforted by another, youthful woman-form, cowering on the lower side of the rock. Strength and beauty united in struggle and suffering, that is the 'drama' which Klinger in his marble figures places before us and which everyone standing before this group cannot help living through with them." I think this very description, accurate and complete as it is, is sufficient proof of the violence, the grotesqueness, the wilfulness of this extraordinary group. And even in his greatest

work, in his "Beethoven," now forming the chief treasure of the Museum of Leipzig, his native town, Klinger distracts us and bewilders us by the exuberance of his fantastic energy. This superabundance of costly materials, this juxtaposition of bronze and gold and ivory, of opal and onyx and many-colored marble, and this wealth of allegorical by-play, this eagle clutching the rock, these angel heads peeping out from Beethoven's throne—all this takes away from the monumental effect of the group as a whole.

These defects of Klinger's art are patent and must be admitted, and yet the fact remains that in no man has the overflowing vitality, the restless striving of modern Ger-

many for high achievement, come forth with greater intensity and momentum than in Klinger. Klinger is one of those men, like Böcklin, like Wagner, who challenge and startle our imagination. Such men may arouse our protest, they may shock our sensibilities, they may put us in a fighting mood, but they cannot leave us cold. They inevi-

and perfecting in us a power to remove to an objective distance the world of the senses, which otherwise only burdens us as a dead weight, as a blind force, to change it into the free working of our spirit, and thus to master matter by means of the idea."

In none of his works has Klinger come nearer this ideal than in his "Beethoven."



REINHOLD BEGAS—MERCURY AND PSYCHE

tably free us from mental inertia, they transform us, they stir in us the striving for a higher personality, they perform that revolutionizing function of art which Schiller has so nobly expressed in his essay, "On the Use of the Chorus in Tragedy": "True art has for her object not merely to afford a transient pleasure, to excite to a momentary dream of liberty. Her aim is to make us intrinsically and absolutely free; and this she accomplishes by awakening, exercising,

As Lederer has transformed Bismarck into the legendary figure of the medieval Roland, as Tuaillon surrounds the Emperor Frederick with the free humanity of a Marcus Aurelius, so Klinger idealizes Beethoven into a mythical hero of classic antiquity. He places him on a throne the plastic decorations of which combine Greek and Christian symbols of deepest human longing and suffering—the fall of man, Tantalus, the Danaides—and also, in the frieze of charm-

ing angel faces, show the triumph of the human soul over dark despair. He detaches the hero himself from all the smallness of his modern surroundings, deprives him of the artificiality of modern dress, leaves his chest and arms perfectly bare, and throws a toga-like garment over legs and knees only. And, finally, he gives him, in the eagle cowering at his feet, an Olympian, Zeus-like attribute. As I have already stated, at first sight at least this variety of motives and detail bewilders us. And yet, even in this confusion of accessories there is a certain symphonic swing which lifts us into the spirit of the whole. We feel a strange, musical intoxication, we expect wonders; and thus we are put into the mood for the spell which the dominant figure exercises. It is not the joy of creation which is embodied here; it is the fierce throes, the Titanic struggle, of a great birth. It is the Beethoven of the

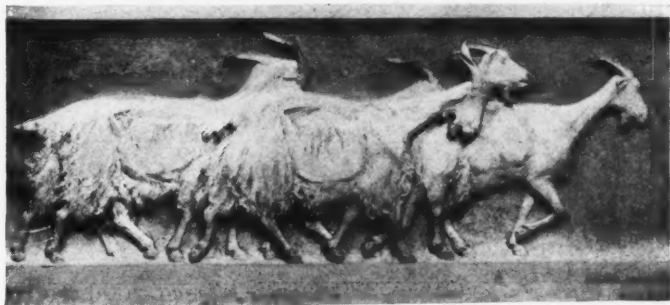


ADOLF HILDEBRAND—PORTRAIT-BUST
OF ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

"Eroica," the man who has called himself the "unhappiest of all mortals," the man in whose bosom chaos battled with the music of the spheres. Here indeed there is a symbol of modern life; here we are carried into the realm of the soul; here there is awakened in our own self an endless longing for expression, for form, for the ideal.

I said at the beginning of this article that contemporary Germany might perhaps not possess any individual sculptor of such surpassing genius that his work would, to future generations, embody the whole variety of modern life. But if we single out the three greatest of the sculptures mentioned in this brief survey—Tuailon's "Emperor Frederick," Lederer's "Bismarck," and Klinger's "Bee-

thoven"—we may truly say that here there is a collective achievement in which the genius of modern Germany has found a complete and enduring expression.



AUGUST GAUL—BAS-RELIEF



"THE SIX PLUNGIN' HOSSES GOES T'ARIN' UP THE CANYON, THE
STAGE ROCKIN' AN' ROLLIN'"


(*"The Hold-up at the Canyon Head"*)

The Hold-up at the Canyon Head

A "Wolfville" Story

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



WHICH Enright," remarked the Old Cattleman, blowing a judgmatical cloud, "bein' the controllin' infloence of that engine of Wolfville joorisproodence, the Stranglers, always takes to himse'f the reespons'bility of lettin' Bismark Dutch go that time. Shore, no; that ain't the old cimar-ron's name, none whatever! We simply ups an' hails him as 'Bismark Dutch' by way of identification. 'Bismark' would have been s'fficient by itse'f, only thar's another shorthorn from the Rhine over in Colton, who's called 'Bismark'; wharfore we-all affixes 'Dutch,' in order, as Doc Peets says, 'to diff'rentiate.'

"After Bismark Dutch has done pulled his freight, Enright is accustomed now an' then to wax quer'lous with himse'f. 'By every roole of right, Doc,' he'd say—for he levels these yere views at Peets—'by every roole of right, that old maverick's doo to be swung off. It's a lapse of jestic to let him go, an' shore shows I'm gettin' old. That I does it on account of his locoed girl, so far from excoosin' sech weakness, merely goes to prove I'm gettin' old speshul.'

"Gen'rally, we-all don't say nothin' in response, Peets an' the rest of us holdin' private it's only Enright's affectations. Wolfville's old war-chief has his vanities, same as other gents, an' he likes to let on his bein' soft-hearted that a-way is a deefect. Not but what thar's limits, iron-bound an' onbreakable, which goes with Enright's moll'fications. If it's a lady, or a baby, or mebbey some weak an' hopeless sport who's been settin' in hard luck, he's as soft an' easy as a goose-ha'r pillow. It's different a whole lot when some maraudin' form of murderer pulls off a killin' on a cold collar,

an' mebbey does it from the r'ar. Then he's that hard he'd cut glass.

"'It shows the diff'rence, Doc,' Enright 'd go on, 'between a vig'lance committee an' a shore-enough court. Now a court sticks to law, an' don't go pirootin' off to one side sympathetic. But a vig'lance committee, 'speshully when some of the members is gettin' on in years an' beginnin' to slip their grip, is plenty prone to let their hearts run off with their heads. An' so,' he'd conclud with a sigh, 'public int'rest goes ungyarded an' exact jestic takes to boggin' down.'

"'Oh, I don't know,' Peets 'd say, expostchoolatin', at the same time winkin' at Boggs or Cherokee, to let 'em savvy he's only carryin' on the conversation so's to give Enright's se'f-approval a chance to relax 'round a little, 'oh, I don't know, Sam. Lettin' a gent go onswung, by virchoo of his folks an' their feelin's, is a mighty reason-'ble reason. You ups an' hangs a party: next day, the play's the same to him as though it never comes off. Not so his folks. S'ppose he has a mother now. Her pore old sens'bilities continyoos sweatin' blood till the closin' of her days. Once a year, when the awful date comes 'round, it's all to go through ag'in for her. An' so, heartbroke an' stricken, she keeps bleedin' away her life. For which said cause I holds vig'lance committees has got reg'lar triboonals beat to a standstill, seein' they takes sech argyooments as that pore old mother into consid'ration.'

"Enright, after listenin' to the above, 'd shake his head, like he's tryin' to feel resigned. Then he'd sigh ag'in plenty dolorous, an' say, 'Mebby you're right, Doc, mebbey you're right!' an' all plumb broken-sperited. After which he'd brace up mighty fierce, an' turn on Black Jack

The Hold-up at the Canyon Head

with, 'Whatever do you reckon we're ha'n'tin' about the Red Light for?'

"This yere'd close the talk on that p'int, an' as Black Jack, some conscience-stricken, shoves up the bottles, we shifts to other topics.

"None of us ever gets to know much about Bismark Dutch; an' who he is, what he is, an' why he is constitootes a list concernin' which Wolfville wrangles over unto this day. Boggs, the first flash out o' the box, allows he's a hermit. Wharupon Tutt p'int's out pos'tive that he can't be no hermit, because his daughter's with him.

"Hermits that a-way, Dan,' declar's Tutt, 'never has no children an' always dwells alone. Which it's essenshul to hermits to dwell alone.'

"Followin' these yere announcements, Tutt promulgates a theery Bismark Dutch is a exile. 'Take my steer for it,' says he, 'they've been layin' for him in the old country, to put him over the big jump, by reason of p'litical crimes; an' nacherally, him not bein' born yesterday, he seeks refyoooge as a exile in Arizona.'

"Tutt's explanation gains adherents, ontill one day when Bismark Dutch comes romancin' into Wolfville on a mule, an', after tankin' up successful, retires singin' a ballad which Peets calls 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' the same bein' the Dutch 'Star-Spangled Banner.' His carolin' this yere madrigal don't sound like he's a p'litical refyooogee much, but on the contrary shows him an' his gov'ment to be as thick as thieves. Which last knocks Tutt's theery about him bein' a exile on the head.

"For myse'f, I never agrees with either Tutt or Boggs, nor yet with the stage company, when they claims Bismark Dutch is a hold-up. The gold he exhibits in Tucson, when stiffenin' his hand as to flour, syrup, salt-hoss, an' air-tights, is every splinter Spanish money, each piece more'n seventy years old. The stage company never handles no sech lucre; an' to go chargin' 'round hintin' as how that *dinero* is theirs crowds mighty clost to the reedie'lous.

"My own notion, upheld by somethin' more than roomer, is that Bismark Dutch comes scoutin' for buried treasure from the jump. The line I gets is he's last from Chihuahua, over in Mexico, where he's been sent by some Dutch outfit of learnin' to write a book about the Greasers. Some'ers, in his pokin' about, he's crossed up with word,

most likely written word, about them Spanish yellow boys. At which he lets go all holds, deescends on Arizona all spraddled out, an' exhoomes the same.

"Which the utmost space Bismark Dutch is camped within the shadow of our protection don't measure up three months. Not that said protectin' shadow is plumb deep, seein' he sityooates himse'f a day's ride away, over at the Tucson end of the canyon. It's the mercy of Providence, added to aborig'nal forbearance, that he emerges from sech residence onskelped. I reckon at that the Apaches comes 'round frequent, an' looks him over, but passes him an' his daughter up as cripples an' loonatics. He himse'f is part paralyzed, his left arm hangin' loose an' dead. An' as for the girl, even a Apache makes out at a glance how she's as topsy-turvy mental as a mountain-sheep. Shore! Injuns never molest cripples an' crazy folks, regyardin' 'em as onder the speshul gyardianship of the Great Sperit. It's one of a Injun's few redeemin' feachures.

"We learns first of Bismark Dutch from Old Monte. Over to the north end of the canyon, an' west of the trail, stands a little old stone wickiup. The name it goes by, when we alloods to it, is the 'Mexican Rock House.' It's constructed by reemote Mexicans, so long back no white gent ever makes even a guess as to when. All we knows is it's thar when we trails in, an' no one livin' in it; an', since no one's that feeble-witted as to want to live in it an' the hills swarmin' with Injuns, it remains onokepied ontill Bismark Dutch comes weavin' along.

"Old Monte regales us one evenin' with a yarn about some pecooliar party goin' into camp in the Mexican Rock House. It seems he crosses up with Bismark Dutch, prowlin' about on the trail as he's bringin' in the stage.

"'But since this nondescript talks in a onknown tongue,' says Old Monte, 'I can't make out what he's drivin' at more'n if it's Chineese. Which it's obv'ous he's as crazy as a woman's watch. Thar's a girl, too—darter, most likely—as wild an' shy as a mule-eared deer. I'd shore say she's as locoed as her old man.'

"'Is she pretty?' asks Faro Nell.

"'She ain't no lamp of beauty, Nell,' says Old Monte. 'Mebby she'd look lovelier if she's fattened up, bein' as fleshless that a-way as my whip-stock.'

"We-all don't attach no weight to Old Monte's reemarks about Bismark Dutch an' his daughter bein' locoed, by reason of his lick. Not that we're likely to go saddlin' up an' ridin' 'round permiscus, even if we does. A gent's free to be crazy in Arizona, if he so prefers. So long as his vagaries don't take the form of stickin' up the stage, or brandin' another gent's calves, or stealin' his ponies, or holdin' six kyards in a friendly game, public feelin' puts no queries.

"What for a lookin' tarrapin is this remark'ble squatter?" asks Peets, who likes to listen to Old Monte talk.

"Which he's hidjeous approachin' horned toads!" returns Old Monte, sloppin' out another drink.

"Horned toads?" says Peets. "Horned toads is all right, so you knows your toads."

"What I means is this," replies Old Monte, sort o' irritated, thinkin' Peets is jeerin' at him. "He's got a onfav'able gnurlyfied-lookin' face, same as you sees carved on the far ends of fiddles. Besides, he's all broke down on his nigh side by palsy or somethin'. That left wing of hisn ain't in play more'n a rotten bean-stalk."

"When, later, Bismark Dutch comes rackin' along into Wolfville, muleback, we sizes him up for ourselves. He goes over to Red Dog the same day, an' it's as if he's takin' stock of his environments. The stage company, I remembers, calls attention to this, as deenotin' turpitoood; but no one else regyards it in that light, corp'rations bein' nacherally s'picious. Besides, what's more to be expected than for a new-comer to go floatin' hither an' yon about the range that a-way, locatin' himse'f?"

"After Bismark Dutch looks Red Dog over, he returns ag'in to Wolfville—tharby displayin' his good sense—fills up on Black Jack's nose-paint, an' reetires warblin' them native patriotic hymns as chronicled. It's this yere trip, after doo debate, we enrolls him as 'Bismark Dutch.' Also, for looks an' palsy he's all Old Monte deescribes. Concernin' the daughter, seein' she's not with him none, we deefers judgment pendin' developments.

"Most of us has forgot Bismark Dutch, when one afternoon Old Monte reemarks casyooal:

"You-all recalls about old Bismark's nigh fin bein' out o' reepair? Nevertheless an' notwithstanding, he's on the shoot jest

the same. I glimpses the fresh pelt of a bobcat, as I comes squanderin' along, tacked up an' sun-dryin' on his teepee door."

"Public int'rest refooses to cock its y'ears at this. To come 'round tellin' that some gent can shoot some ain't no way to create ripples in Arizona. Which it'd be more apt to make folks set up an' bat their eyes to hear he couldn't. Old Monte's bluff that Bismark Dutch is not wholly ignorant of firearms would have gone in one y'ear an' out the other, only it gets subsequence confirmation.

"They does a heap of careless talkin' over in Tucson. Folks thar has already commenced to don city airs an' swell 'round meetropol'tan. Which I've freequent noticed that, jest as a outfit begins to ape the East, it takes to waxin' reckless an' on-buckled conversational. The Tucson attention is roused by two things about Bismark Dutch. One is he's never had no money in the Tucson bank; an' the other is he not only has plenteous wealth but pays for chuck an' fire-water an' sim'lar necessities in them ancient Spanish yellow pieces I refers to prior. Also, it's no time after he locates himse'f at the Mexican Rock House, an' this is excitin' speshul, before he begins to ship express packages to Europe—Berlin, if mem'ry's keepin' its feet. These yere packages he valyooos at five thousand dollars per; an' to heft one of 'em shows it's some'ers about twenty pounds.

"Gold!" says the express agent, comparin' valyoo to heft; an', between us, I strings my chips with that astoot express gent in them conclussions.

"When the express gent says 'Gold!' it starts all the clackin' mill-wheels of Tucson conjectchoor to workin' overtime. Likewise it opens up a line of proof as to Bismark Dutch bein' mod'rately on the shoot. The last struggles to the surface this fashion: It's at the Red Light when a skeered dejected-seemin' party hitches his cha'r up alongside of Enright's, an' tells how Bismark Dutch cuts loose at him with a rifle. As lendin' corrobor'ation, he shows where a bullet's burned the calf of his laig. It's his idee the Stranglers ought to move some in the business.

"Whatever be you doin' to this Dutchman?" asks Enright. "You shore don't aim to tell me he ups an' whangs away at you, jest to try the sights on his gun?"

"With that the creased party confesses,

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some shamefaced, how the tales about Bismark Dutch changin' in Spanish pieces at the Tucson stores an' sendin' bags of doubloons to Europe sets his imagination to millin', an' he allows he'll go spyin' 'round to locate where he gets 'em. 'You see,' says the creased party, 'pologetic, 'I'm-a prospector.'

"Oh, you're a prospector!" returns Enright, plenty sarcastic. 'Permit me to add you're likewise lucky to be alive. Now if you was to come catfootin' about my camp, they'd need a blanket wharin' to collect your remains. It's a cow-pony to a prairie-dog, I'd shoot you in two.' Then, to Jack Moore: 'Jack, at a earliest el'gible chance, take a squint at that old Dutch party's rifle. If, as I fears, it's a inferior weepoon, see to it he gets a proper one instantner. In case, however, his present arm'ment should prove all right, notch up the hind sight a p'int or two. I jedge, from this yere prospector's laig, he's shootin' much too low.'

"Jack says he will; wharat the creased prospector looks oncomfort'ble.

"About the time Bismark Dutch onfurls his blankets in the Mexican Rock House, seizes his rifle, an' takes to bustin' at bobcats an' prospectors indifferent, over by the Cow Springs as ornery a passel of rustlers as ever dangles at the loop-end of a lariat builds 'em a dugout an' goes into camp. This yere labor of a dugout gives the play a air of perm'nency, that a-way, which appeals invidious to us folks who has cows an' calves to lose. Likewise the stage company's apprehensions takes to ghost-dancin'; the thought of so select a bevy of blacklaigs, established so near at hand, gives 'em the shivers. The agent goes to the extent of talkin' it over with Enright on the quiet.

"Whatever can you do?" asks Enright in response. 'You-all ain't permitted to up an' blow folks' lights out, simply because you distastes their looks. Which a lack of pulchritood ain't no offense. We'll have to wait ontill them Cow Springs guerrillas starts somethin'.'

"Thar's three by corral count in this yere Cow Springs contingent—three, an' a Mexican to cook for 'em. The leader is Big Steve; an' he clothes himse'f, as in a weddin'-garment, with the repyoatation of havin' downed divers an' sundry citizens in private wars of his own. They do allow,

too, that, once this Big Steve gets to drinkin', he brags about them homicides. For myse'f, never havin' had the pleasure of seein' him drunk none, I'm onable to say. If he does, sech boasts shows he's plumb vulgar in the extreme.

"As a excoose for livin', Big Steve puts it up cold he's a cattleman—him an' his felon *campaneros*. Since no gent ever sees no cattle, an' he don't announce no brand, sech manifestoes is held to be figments. To be shore, a talkative sport shows up from over towards Waco once, who lets on that Big Steve is, for a limited period, in the cattle trade in Texas. He tells how Big Steve starts with a orig'nal herd of two old steers, an' the followin' spring round-up brands eighty calves. Wharupon it seems his fellow laborers in the vineyard of cattle gets jealous of his success, an' runs Big Steve out.

"Enright an' the balance of us finds much in them Waco rem'niscences to feed our feelin's. 'An' at that,' says Enright, 'mebby, when all's in, it ain't cattle he's after. Mebby he's only smugglin' between us an' Mexico.'

"Big Steve, at the go-off, makes but one excursion into Wolfville. On that occasion, havin' absorbed the 'leveneth drink, he begins—his outlaw companions actin' as audience—to talk a heap loud. Cl'arin' his valves with a whoop which shakes the glasses on the Red Light bar, he backs up ag'inst the front of that house of entertainment, an' roars out,

"Which I shore feels that contrary I jest won't stay yere nor go anywhere else!"

"Jack Moore, whose dooty as kettle-tender is to mod'rate ebolient spirits, don't happen to be present none; wharfore Cherokee Hall assoomes the pressure. Gettin' up from behind his faro layout—the Red Light bein' Cherokee's place of business—he sa'nters forth an' fronts up to Big Steve.

"It ain't for me,' says Cherokee, 'to go knockin' the horns off the innocent happiness of folks, but if I was you I'd not emit that yell no more. Thar's a party somewhat resemblin' you for gen'ral worthlessness, who, in a fool attempt to buffalo this village, cuts loose a yell like that, an' we gives him inexpensive interment on Boot Hill.' Big Steve takes in Cherokee with one convincin' glance, an' grows moote as a oyster.

"It's the only time them Cow Springs

hold-ups tries anything on us. Not but what they has their merry hours. Thar's a Mexican plaza over back towards the line, an' when they feels the need of a holiday they repairs thither an' stands it on its he'pless head. But they never ropes at Wolfville, after Cherokee gives notice. Likewise, as raw material for a shakin' up, they coppers Red Dog. Troo, Red Dog is not without its blemishes; but bein' meek an' lowly an' long-sufferin' that a-way ain't among 'em none. Which the inborn b'ligerency of that Red Dog camp is sech as to cause it go about on perpetchoal tiptoe, growlin' same as a sorehead dog. Thar's nothin' to it! If Big Steve an' his gang was to go bulgin' into Red Dog, allowin' to put things on a gala basis, they'd last about as long as a pint of whiskey at a barn-raisin'. Them Red Dog sports would split 'em into half-apples in the flourish of a fiddle-bow!

"Could Red Dog clean up Wolfville? Son, it ill beseems one who's teeterin' along in the declinin' twilight of his days to go exaltin' his bazoo concernin' carnage. But, you hear me! if Wolfville an' Red Dog ever hooks up hostile, historians will shore head the chapter, 'Red Dog's Last Days.' Whar Red Dog proudly r'ars its crest, only a onrecogniz'ble heap of grease an' ashes will be found, polka-dottin' the sorrowful bosom of the plain. Off to one side, Wolfville—an' never the smell of fire about her garments—will be pursuin' the even tenors of her ways.

"Do you know"—and here the old gentleman gazed at me with reproachful earnestness—"thar's moments when a blind chill comes gropin' its way along my back, as I'm seized of fears that somehow you-all don't 'ppreciate Wolfville at its full strength. Now to give you a c'rrect notion: Do you remember, back in your school days, whar the question arises in nacheral ph'losophy, as to whatever 'll be the toomulchoous result if a irresist'ble force encounters a immov'ble body? Well, son, yereafter b'ar in mind that the answer to that conundrum is simply 'Wolfville.'

"Thar ain't been no stick-up of a stage, in our neck of woods, for the bigger part of a year. Road-agents comes an' goes. They 'll get plumb busy for a spell; an' it's 'Hands up!' yere, thar, an' elsewhere, in a perfect ep'demic. Hold-up people seem for the moment as thick as rats in a wheat-rick. At sech eepocks it's up to all hands

an' the cook to pull themselves together, which they never fails to do, an' run off or kill off—never mindin' which—these yere maraudin' miscreants.

"Bein' immoone from hold-ups for so long, it don't s'prise us none when Old Monte comes frothin' into camp one evenin' with a story to tell. He's at the head of the canyon, he says, on the run in, when a rifle cracks from some'ers up among the rocks. The outlaw back of the gun—an' the scheme's workmanlike enough—tries for the off leader. Once the leader's down, it's a cinch the stage 'll wait his crim'nal convenience.

"But the hold-up undershoots. Instead of gettin' the leader through the head, the same bein' his original design, the bullet comes flyin' low, an' cuts the outside rein, clost up to the bits. It's done as slick as if it's slashed in two with a bowie. After cuttin' the rein, the bullet snips a piece of hide out o' the nigh leader's knee. Thar's a run-away, Old Monte, because of the cut rein, bein' powerless to guide or stop. The six plungin' hosses, wild an' wilder every jump, goes t'arin' up the canyon, the stage rockin' an' rollin', but upright on its four wheels.

"As the stage goes surgin' off, the hold-ups makes a witless play. They sends a shower of lead after the retreatin' vehicle—no least chance of stoppin' it!—an' bumps off a maverick who's perched up behind. By word of Old Monte an' the express messenger who's ridin' shotgun, both plenty adept, the shootin's done by three guns.

"Nothin' in a smash-up or breakdown way ensoos, for the six hosses, loocoed as they be by fear, still keeps the trail. Strikin' a sandy stretch, they slows down to sech degrees that—what with the brake which Old Monte sets to the last notch—the express messenger jumps to the ground, runs along the team, an' by gettin' hold of the leaders' bits seesaws 'em to a halt.

"Something of the eediotic sort of these yere hold-ups can be guessed at by recallin' how they wastes their fragrance on a incomin' stage. The only show for riches is on a stage goin' out. Stickin' up incomin' coaches that a-way wouldn't pay day wages!

"Beyond the cut rein, an' the dead party up behind, thar's no damage done. We're inclined to resent the beefin' of the latter gent. He's only one of them travelin' salesmen; but sech things, left onchecked,

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swells into precedents. Give some folks a inch an' they'll take a ell, partic'larly hold-ups.

"Thar's no fashion o' doubt but it's Big Steve an' his pards. Still, as Enright puts it, 'the trouble lies in a utter an' discouragin' want of proofs.'

"Lynch law, while eelastic, mustn't be stretched too far; shorely not to incloode parties ag'inst whom the most you can say is you don't endorse their appearance. None the less, we figgers we'll go rummagin' over to the Cow Springs, an' put some p'inted queries.

"It's yere the game begins to roll our way. About the time we're ready to saddle up, who comes squanderin' in but Big Steve an' his bandit pards! They puts their ponies in the corral, an' makes tracks for the Red Light; thar they takes to h'istin' in lick with both hands, an' all mighty nervous an' boist'rous.

"None of us goes near 'em, the same bein' a strategic move su'gested by Enright. 'Which it's their fears has drove 'em in,' says that wise old longhorn. 'All we got to do is let 'em pitch on their ropes till they throws themselves.'

"Enright's head is level. As their lick begins to get action, Big Steve an' his pards takes to murmurin' among themselves, an' all in a ill-yoused vein. Their talk is about the stage bein' stood up, an' how they don't reckon on permittin' Wolfville, or any other camp, to track 'round none sayin' it's them. It's a fine state of affairs, they says, if a band of innocent cow-people can't set about their fire, an' a stage get stopped without they be accoused!

"That's how their talk runs; an' it shows they're guilty, drunk, an' skeered—all three. How be they to know, an' them over by the Cow Springs, that the stage has been stood up? The roomer, so far, ain't even crossed to Red Dog. Much less is it likely it's gone riotin' out to the Cow Springs!

"'Thar's not a moral doubt!' says Enright, as him an' Jack Moore confers one side. 'An' yet, as the kyards lay, if we brings 'em before us an' they stops talkin', we'll be out on a limb ag'in for want of what law-wolves calls "legal proofs."'

"'Most likely,' returns Jack, 'the cunnin' move would be to simply an' silently swing an' rattle with 'em ontill eevents shapes up. As you says, Sam, it's their fears that a-way drives 'em into town. Knowin' themselves

guilty, they allows we-all 'll be shore to come searchin' for 'em, an' they decides, for the looks, to beat us to it.'

"'What's your own notion, Jack?' asks Enright.

"'My idee is this. It's the frightened gent who, speakin' gen'ral, reaches first for his gun. Now by followin' these stoodents in sin about, an' lookin' at 'em some severe, we renders 'em that hyster'cal they'll start a bombardment. Once they onlimbers their guns, the rest is easy. I thinks I sees my way through to a finale which'll leave no reason for the Stranglers to convene.'

"'Well,' returns Enright, 'be discreet, Jack. If, in the course of hooman eevents, however, these yere parties does get wiped out, I don't look to see no pop'lar reemonstrance based on Arizona's havin' suffered a blow.'

"'Gents,' says Jack, a moment later, to Boggs an' Texas Thompson, 'it looks like a battle, an' thar's a couple of vacancies.'

"'Enough said,' grins Texas.

"As the three stands at the Red Light bar, prepar'tory to issuing forth, Boggs whispers across to Black Jack,

"'You'll hear a dog howl in a minute—sevr'al dogs.'

"Big Steve an' his pards is ridin' out of the corral as Jack, with Boggs an' Texas, strolls up.

"'Open order, gents!' whispers Boggs, who's an old gun-player. 'Make 'em shoot to win. Don't give 'em no chance to outluck us, by missin' one an' downin' another accidental.'

"Boggs an' Texas an' Jack spreads out, an' comes driftin' up on Big Steve an' his two. The sight of 'em, as Jack advises Enright, stampedes Big Steve.

"'Fight your way out, boys!' he cries.

"Like it's some new kind of cavalry drill, the three hold-ups is out of their saddles an' onto the ground in a flash, the ponies actin' as shields. The war begins. 'Bangety! bang! bang!' The ponies makes tol'able breastworks, but bad rests to shoot from. The hold-ups' bullets fly as high an' aimless as swallow-birds on a summer's eve. As ag'inst this, not bein' hampered by no ponies, both Texas an' Jack gets their men, first fire, too dead to skin.

"It's Boggs who's havin' the interestin' time. He's pa'ed himse'f off with Big Steve, an' the hold-up—him openin' the baile—secoors a primary shot at Boggs.

The latter painstakin' enthoosiaist is jest pullin' his six-shooter, an' Big Steve's bullet splits on the bar'l, an' a piece of lead gets jammed in between the cylinder an' the steel frame. It ties up Boggs's gun so he can't even cock it. Which he might as well have had a monkey-wrench!

"After a footile attempt or two to get action, Boggs turns disgusted an' hurls the gun at Big Steve, who's meanwhile been cuttin' loose every load in his Colt's 45, like the strikin' of a Connecticut clock. One way an' another, however, he never lands; an', when he's out his sixth cartridge, he gives a screech of terror an' swings into the saddle for a scamper.

"Big Steve don't scamper, none whatever! Boggs is too clost, an' grips him, shoulder an' hip, with a wrestler's hold. Boggs is as big an' strong as a cinnamon b'ar; an', since Big Steve clamps his pony tight with a laig-hug, Boggs, with one mighty twist, throws both man an' mount on their sides. Which Big Steve an' that pony hits the ground like a fallin' tree!

"Boggs is about to accyoomulate fresh holds, when Jack carefully sends a bullet through Big Steve's head.

"At first Boggs can't onderstand; then he begins to feel nettled. 'Well, as Doc Peets reemarks,' he exclaims, 'I shore admires your *sang-froid*! What license has you-all got to intermeddle with this Big Steve, when by the ord'nances of single combat he's my individyooal meat?'

"Which I gets afraid, Dan,' replies Jack, his tones deprecatory, 'you're goin' to catch him alive—a state of affairs which Enright deploras private to me in advance, as calk'lated to become embarrassin'.'

"Boggs, who's as easy mollified as a child, cl'ars up an' smiles like a day in Joone. 'I'm wrong, Jack,' he says, 'even without old Sam's instructions. Thar's sech a thing as bein' too technicle; it's a fault I must gyard ag'inst.'

"An' now Bismark Dutch rebegins to edge himsef into the picture. While the place wharfom them canyon hold-ups does their shootin' at the stage is so sityoated that you-all could heave a stone down onto the roof of that Mexican Rock House, where Bismark Dutch with his crazy-hoss girl is domiciled, no one regyards the old Teuton as implicated. Old Monte, babblin' over his drink, does try to la'nch some sech fable, but no one heeds him. An' yet,

for obv'ous causes, Enright decides to c'llect Bismark's notions, an' learn what he hears an' sees; an' he orders Jack Moore to go an' round him up.

"Jack, all onthinkin', rides up an' gives the p'lite an' yoosual salyootation. 'House!' he yells.

"Nacherally, any right-minded gent'd expect Bismark Dutch to appear, an' engage in a peaceful powwow. Jack's some amazed, then, an' comes mighty near bein' took off his gyard, when that palsied party comes chargin' out the door, an' blazes away at him frantic with a rifle—the same, ondoubted, wharwith he's been pottin' bobcats an' prospectors.

"Jack's been shot at so much he's as hard to hit as a loon on a lake. With the first hostile manooover, he's out o' the saddle, leavin' the bullet to t'ar a hole through the cantle. The rifle Bismark Dutch is usin' is one of these yere new-fangled high-power guns, a 'thirty-thirty' they calls it. Bein' light an' little, he manages it with one hand same as if it's a six-shooter. He's reasonably accurate, too; an' if Jack'd stayed sot he'd have made a center shot.

"When Bismark Dutch opens on him all onannounced that a-way, Jack, more by habit than refection, returns the fire, an' nails that one remainin' hand. That member's grippin' the rifle, an' the bullet mushrooms on the iron, an' makes rags an' fragments of it. As Peets says later, when he reemoves Jack's bandages an' puts on fresh ones of his own, 'Whatever may be said of it as ornamental, it shore won't win no future vogue as a hand.'

"Jack loads Bismark Dutch onto that pioneer's mule, an' brings him wounded into camp, the hollow-eyed girl trackin' along behind, though Jack tries to make her stay back.

"Which she don't seem to savvy none!' says Jack, when he reelates his adventures. 'I couldn't do nothin' with her. She simply deefies me with them big eyes, an' kep' comin'.'

"Enright an' the rest of us don't have much luck with Bismark Dutch. After a indignant outburst in his own furrin' tongue, which is so much like lightnin' that it dazzles without illoominatin', he shets up as wordless as a clam.

"What this outfit needs, Doc,' exclaims Enright, plumb exasperated, 'is a res'dent Dutchman. I'll deevote my first leesure

to indoocin' one to come yere an' live. Now if we has a Dutchman among us, one tamed an' used to our customs, we might elicit somethin' out of this old ground-hawg.'

"Which a local Dutchman,' returns the acquiescent Peets, 'would prove as handy as a pocket in a shirt.'

"While nothin' good or bad is to be torn from Bismark Dutch, we gathers still less from the locoed daughter. Faro Nell tries her, but she jest sets an' stares like some frightened animal. As for Missis Rucker, that deer-eyed girl evolves screams at sight of her; wharat said matron gets indignant.

"Thar's no sort o' question,' says Enright at last, his tones peevish an' fault-finding, 'but what we-all ought to hang this Bismark Dutch. His blazin' away at Jack should be s'fficient to force sech procedure. But what gets me is the girl; her life's wropped up in this old loonatic. Besides, once we sends him skywards, she's left on our hands. If we has only Bismark Dutch to contend with, our paths would be open an' plain; but this maiden of onsettled mind makes a most disturbin' element. It's with shame I confesses that I don't know what to do. Doc, you formyoolate a play.'

"No,' says Peets; 'my mind's as empty as a church.'

"Well, then,' says Enright, mighty desp'rate, 'I thinks we'd better take their hobbles off, an' throw these wild folks back on the range. As to Bismark Dutch per-

sonal, with one hand dead an' the other done for, I reckon he's fired his last shot. It ain't as if he nails Jack, neither. Moreover, if we swings him off, that girl with her eyes 'll shore pester me in my sleep.'

"The camp's of one mind with Enright, Jack Moore applaudin' speshul. In a fortnight Peets has Bismark Dutch's hand tinkered into shape, an' him an' his deer-eyed daughter lines out for furrin' climes. It looks like he makes his last shipment—valyoo, five thousand dollars; weight, per express agent's guess, twenty pounds—the very day the stage is stood up. Later, we locates the hole; it's onder the fireplace in the Mexican Rock House, an', from the size of the cache, I figgers he harvests about fifty thousand dollars.

"The same,' explains Peets, a few evenin's later, as we discusses the business in the Red Light, 'bein' calk'lated in his native land to put Bismark Dutch 'way up in the pictures. Mighty likely he cuts the trail that leads to it while he's ransackin' 'round among old docyooments in Chihuahua for things to write about them Greasers.'

"Gents,' says Boggs, motionin' to Black Jack, 'most folks, acquainted with my nacheral av'rice, 'll go 'round thinkin' that I wishes I'd happened on them fifty thousand myse'f. But, on the squar', I'm sort o' glad it's that locoed old Dutchman an' his girl.'

"Yo tambien, Dan!' whispers Faro Nell, as she reaches round an' shakes Boggs's hand."

The Past

By Grace Fallow Norton

HE creeps behind me, scared, forlorn,
His robe of tattered hopes a-torn,
Heart hiding, stained hands, eyes downcast—
I hate my past!
Poor coward unfulfilled thing,
Bedraggled, bruised of wing.

But oh! there came a call the morn.
My hated past rose as reborn;
He heard, he held the herald fast—
He read at last
The message for new strength. Now sing
To-morrow's conquering!

The Courtship of Miss Amaryllis

By Eliza Calvert Hall

Author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson



"I T'S curious," said Aunt Jane meditatively, "how, when old people go to lookin' back on the way things was when they was young, it appears like everything was better then than it is now. Strawberries was sweeter, times was easier, men was taller and women prettier. I ain't sayin' a word against your looks, child; you're as good-lookin' as the best of 'em nowadays, but I reckon there ain't any harm in me sayin' that you don't quite come up to Miss Penelope and Miss Amaryllis. I git to thinkin' about them two, and I wish I could see 'em by the side o' the women that folks call pretty nowadays so I could tell whether they really was prettier or whether it's jest an old woman's notion."

"Who was Miss Amaryllis?" I asked. "If she matched her name she must have been a beauty."

Aunt Jane smiled delightedly and gave an assenting nod. "Miss Amaryllis was Miss Penelope's sister," she said. "They was first cousins to Dick Elrod, that married Annie Crawford, and their father was Judge Elrod, Squire Elrod's brother. The old judge was a mighty learned sort of a man. He spent most of his time readin' and writin', and he had a room in his house with nothin' in it but books, clear from the floor to the ceilin', and some of 'em he never allowed anybody but himself to touch, he thought so much of 'em. And next to his books it was his two daughters. Folks used to say that the judge's wife was right jealous of his books and of Miss Penelope and Miss Amaryllis."

"Maybe you know, child, where the old judge got the names for his daughters. The only names I'm used to are the good old family names that come out o' the Bible, and some people said Penelope and Amaryllis couldn't be called Christian names, because they sounded so heathenish, and the judge's wife she objected to 'em because, she said, they was too long for folks to say. But the old judge wouldn't hear to anybody's shortenin' the children's names. Says he, 'If you give a child a plain name it'll be likely to turn out a plain man or a plain woman. But,' says he, 'I've given my children fine names, and I expect them to grow up into women that'll become their names.' And I reckon they did, for two prettier women you never saw, and their names seemed to suit 'em exactly. And as for their bein' too long, I always liked to say 'em and hear people say 'em. Penelope and Amaryllis—why, they're jest as easy to say as Mary and Marthy, and I always thought they sounded like fallin' water or the singin' of a bird, Amaryllis especially."

Aunt Jane paused here and laid down her work. She had reached a difficult point in the story, and there must be time for thought.

"Now, how in the world am I goin' to tell you how Miss Amaryllis looked?" she said, with an accent of gentle despair. "Why, it's as hard as tryin' to tell about that yeller rose that grew in old lady Elrod's gyarden. There never was such a rose as that, and there never was such a gyrl as Miss Amaryllis, or Miss Penelope either, for that matter. The judge was always havin' their pictures painted, and there was one, no bigger around than that, set in gold. If I jest had it to show you! But I reckon that picture of Miss Amaryllis is lyin' in a grave somewhere on the other side of the ocean."

"They both had golden hair, Miss Penelope and Miss Amaryllis, but Miss Penelope

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had gray eyes like a dove's, and Miss Amaryllis had brown ones with dark lashes. I reckon it was Miss Amaryllis's eyes and hair that made her what she was. You can find plenty of women with brown eyes and brown hair, but when you find one with brown eyes and golden hair, why, it's somethin' to ricollect. And then there was her voice. You've heard me tell many a time about Miss Penelope's voice, and Miss Amaryllis had one that was jest as sweet, but hers was low and deep where Miss Penelope's was clear and high. Miss Amaryllis played on the gytar, and summer nights they'd sit out on the portico and sing together, and the old judge used to say that when his gyrls sung the very mockin'-birds stopped to listen.

"Many a woman has hard work to find one man to love her, and many a woman can't find even one, but Miss Amaryllis had more beaus on her string, and more strings to her bow, than any fiddler in the state; and she danced with 'em and sung to 'em and played with 'em like a cat plays with mice, and then when she got ready she'd send 'em on their way, and she'd go on hers. And as fast as one went another'd come. The judge's wife used to shake her head and say, 'My daughter, there's such a thing as a woman sayin' no once too often.' And Miss Amaryllis she'd say, 'Yes, and there's such a thing as a woman sayin' yes a little too soon,' and the old judge he'd laugh and say, 'Let her alone; one of these days she'll find her master.' And sure enough she did. They said it was love at first sight on both sides when Miss Amaryllis and Hamilton Schuyler met each other at a big party at Squire Elrod's, and before long the weddin' day was set and everybody was sayin' that Miss Amaryllis had found her match at last.

"Hamilton Schuyler was as handsome as Miss Amaryllis was pretty, and when it come to family he had as much to brag of as she had. He was a first cousin to Squire Meredith Schuyler, and all the Schuylers had fine houses and plenty o' land. Rich folks in that day had a way of namin' their places jest as rich folks do now. The Elrod place was called The Cedars, and Hamilton Schuyler had a big house on the same pike, and that was Schuyler Court. The Schuylers was mighty proud o' their blood, and I used to hear folks talk about the coat of arms that the squire had hangin' in his front hall. Abram was there once to see

about some land the squire was havin' cleared, and he said he took particular notice of the coat of arms, but to save his life he couldn't see why they called it that, for there wasn't any coat or any arms on it that he could see, jest a curious colored thing, red and blue and black, and on top of it some kind of a beast standin' on its hind legs.

"The Elrods come of plain people at the start, but they could hold up their heads with the best, for they had plenty o' money and plenty o' learnin', too, and the judge's wife was as blue-blooded as any Schuyler and twice as proud of her blood, in the bargain. She had pictures and silver things and dishes that'd been in the family for generations, and her great-great-grandfather was a Fairfax.

"There's some people that'll tell you that one person's as good as another, and all blood's alike, and all of it red. And maybe they are right. And when it comes to kindness and right principles and all that, why, Squire Schuyler and the judge's wife wasn't a bit better'n Abram and me. But when it come to their manners and their language, they had somethin' we didn't have. Abram was jest as polite a man as Squire Schuyler, but he couldn't take off his hat to a lady the way the squire could, and I couldn't bow and smile like the judge's wife, and I reckon that's where the blue blood comes in.

"I ricollect talkin' to Parson Page once about this very thing, and he says, 'The Lord hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and in his sight there is neither high nor low according to blood.' Says he, 'The Lord looks at the life and the conscience of a man to tell whether he's high or low, and,' says he, 'there's but little difference between the good man who is born in the high places of the earth and the good man who walks in lowly paths. Both are pure gold.'

"Now what was I startin' out to tell you, child, before I got to talkin' about blue blood? Oh, yes, I ricollect now.

"Well, everybody was lookin' for Miss Amaryllis's weddin' cyards, when all at once her and Hamilton had a quarrel, and the match was broke off then and there. It was a long time before anybody knew what had happened betwixt the two, but at last it come out that they'd quarreled about where they'd live after they married. Of course he expected to take his bride to his own house, and of course any right-minded

woman would 'a' been willin' to go with her husband; but when he happened to say somethin' about the time when she'd be livin' at Schuyler Court, she give him to understand that she couldn't leave The Cedars, and that whoever married her would have to live at her father's house.

"Now it's my belief, honey, that Miss Amaryllis hadn't any idea of makin' Hamilton Schuyler leave Schuyler Court and come and live at The Cedars. She was jest foolin' when she said that. She'd been used to twistin' the men round her little finger all her life, and she wanted to see if Hamilton was like all the rest. But Hamilton took it all in earnest, and he said whoever heard of a man givin' up his own home and goin' to live with his father-in-law, and did she want him to be the laughin'-stock of the whole country? And she said that if he cared more for his house than he cared for her he could stay at Schuyler Court and she'd stay at The Cedars. And he said it wasn't Schuyler Court he cared for; he'd leave Schuyler Court and build her another house anywhere she wanted to live, but if she wouldn't leave her father's house, then he'd have to believe that she cared more for The Cedars than she cared for him. And they had it up and down and back and forth, and at last she give him back his ring and sent him away jest like she'd sent the others.

"The judge and his wife was terribly upset about it. They both loved Hamilton like he was their own son, and the old lady said that Miss Amaryllis had thrown away her best chance, and maybe her last one, and she grieved mightily, for in that day, honey, an old-maid daughter wasn't considered a blessin' by any means. They tried their best to git Hamilton and Miss

Amaryllis to make up, but he said he was certain she didn't love him as well as a woman ought to love the man she was goin' to marry, and she said a man who wouldn't try to please a woman before marriage wouldn't be likely to try to please her after they married; and he said he'd be willin' to give up his way if he was only certain she loved him right, and she said how could a woman love a man that put his pleasure before hers? And the longer the old people argued with her the more contrary it made Miss Amaryllis, and finally they had to give it up.

"Of course all her old beaux come flockin' back as soon as they heard that

Miss Amaryllis had give Hamilton his walkin'-papers, and things was as gay as ever at The Cedars. But Hamilton he settled down at Schuyler Court, and it looked like all the pleasure he had in life was gone. Some men, if they can't git the woman they want, they'll take one they don't want and manage to put up with her tolerable well. But Hamilton wasn't that sort.



AUNT JANE PAUSED AND LAID DOWN HER WORK

With him it was the woman he loved or nobody.

"The judge dropped off right sudden with paralysis, and in a year or two the old lady followed him, and Miss Penelope married, and there was Miss Amaryllis all alone in the big house with jest the housekeeper, Miss Sempronia Davis, and the family servants; and there was Hamilton off yonder in Schuyler Court, pale and thin and quiet, and the years passin', and both of 'em lovin' each other more every day, and losin' their happiness and wastin' their lives all on account of a foolish little quarrel.

"They said the judge always felt hard towards Miss Amaryllis for disapp'intin' him so, but he divided the property even between her and Miss Penelope and give her The Cedars. 'I give and bequeath to my daughter Amaryllis The Cedars, since she seems to care more for this than for anything else in the world'—that was the way the will was.

"I reckon most women would 'a' lost their beauty livin' the way Miss

Amaryllis did, everything goin' wrong with her, and old age certain to come, but it looked like all that time could do to her was to make her prettier, and there wasn't a young gyrl in the country that could hold a candle to her.

"I don't exactly ricollect how long things went on this way, but I reckon death would 'a' found 'em holdin' out against each other if Schuyler Court hadn't burned.

"They said Hamilton had been lookin' over old papers and letters durin' the day and he'd thrown a lot of 'em into the fire-place and put a match to 'em, and the chimney bein' old and the mortar between the bricks crumbled away in places, some o' the sparks must 'a' got to the rafters, and before they found it out the roof was pretty

near ready to fall.

The slaves worked hard to save the furniture and things downstairs, but they said Hamilton didn't seem to keer whether anything was saved or not. He'd lost the woman he loved, and the house was partly the cause of it; and so I reckon the loss of the house was a small matter. He jst stood with his arms folded and watched the walls crumble and fall, and then he walked over to the little cabin where the overseer had his office, and he set down and dropped his head in his hands and never stirred nor spoke all the rest of the night. And the next day he was still sittin' there when one of Miss Amaryllis's slaves come in and handed him a let-



"THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A ROSE AS THAT"

ter. He took it and read it, and they said he acted like somebody raised from the dead. He rushed to the stable and saddled his horse and got to The Cedars ahead of the slave that'd brought the letter, and when he got there every servant on the place was standin' at the gate bowin' and scrapin' and sayin': 'Howdy, master! Howdy, master!' and Miss Sempronia met him at the door and says she: 'Walk up-stairs, sir. Your room



"UNCLE BILLY WAS MIXIN' ONE OF HIS PEACH-AND-HONEY TODDIES"

is ready. Miss Amaryllis herself fixed it for you.' And Hamilton followed her, not knowin' what it all meant, and expectin' every minute to see Miss Amaryllis; and when they got up-stairs Miss Sempronia showed him his room and handed him another letter, and then she went on down-stairs, leavin' him to read the letter.

"And what do you reckon Miss Amaryllis had done? Why, she'd given him The Cedars—the house and everything in it and all the slaves that belonged to the place. I reckon Hamilton was like Brother Wilson when he got his weddin' fee from the squire. He couldn't take it in at first, and when he begun to see what she'd done he run out o' the room and down-stairs callin' her name: 'Amaryllis! Amaryllis!' And the

housekeeper she met him at the bottom o' the stairs, and says she, 'Miss Amaryllis is not here.' And says he: 'Not here? Then where is she?' And Miss Sempronia says, 'That's something that nobody knows. You know Miss Amaryllis is not in the habit of giving an account of herself to other people, and all I know is that she left The Cedars early this morning on horseback, but where she went I can't say, and as to her coming back,' says she, 'the place belongs to you now, and it wouldn't be proper for her to be here.'

"Which way did she go?" says Hamilton. 'Tell me that.'

"She went towards town," says Miss Sempronia. And before the words was out of her mouth, Hamilton was out o' the front

door and on his way to town. They said he stopped everybody he met on the road and asked if they'd seen Miss Amaryllis, and when he got to town he found out that Miss Amaryllis had been seen gettin' into the stage and goin' in the direction of Bell's Tavern. So he set out for the tavern. I reckon you've heard of Bell's Tavern, child. That was a great stoppin'-place in your grandfather's day. Folks was always sure of a good meal when they got to that tavern, and the drinks Uncle Billy mixed was famous all over the state.

"Well, Hamilton come gallopin' up to the gate and jumped off and threw his bride to the boy that looked after the travelers' horses. He rushed into the tavern, and says he: 'I'm looking for Miss Amaryllis Elrod. Has she been this way?'"

"Uncle Billy was sittin' in a big hickory chair with one of his feet all bandaged and propped up on another chair. The old man suffered a heap from rheumatism. He had a bottle and a tumbler and a bowl of honey on the table by him, and he was mixin' one of his peach-and-honey toddies—peach-brandy sweetened with honey instead of sugar. Well, he didn't even look up, bein' so used to people comin' in and goin' out. He jest went on stirrin' his toddy and puttin' in a little more honey and a little more peach. And at last he says, 'Yes, she's been this way.'"

"And Hamilton says: 'Where is she? Where is she?' right quick and sharp. And Uncle Billy went on stirrin', and at last he says, 'I don't know.' And Hamilton says: 'Is she here? Has she gone? Which way did she go?' And Uncle Billy says: 'Maybe it's my time to ask a few questions. What's your name, and who are you anyway?' And Hamilton says, 'My name's Hamilton Schuyler, at your service, sir, if you'll tell me which way the lady went.'"

"And with that Uncle Billy took a good look at him and says he: 'Why, Hamilton, is this you? I reckon that last toddy must 'a' gone to my eyes for me not to know you, when I knew your mother and your father before you.' Says he: 'You've been chasin' Miss Amaryllis for five years or more. How does it happen you haven't caught up with her yet? I beg your pardon for talkin' so short a while ago, but,' says he, 'when a man comes along askin' me which way a woman went, I've got to know somethin' about the man before I tell him what he wants to

know.' Says he, 'Sit down and nave a toddy with me.' And Hamilton he thanked him and says he: 'No toddy for me, Uncle Billy. Tell me which way the lady went, and I'm off.'"

"Uncle Billy he laughed and stirred his toddy, tryin' to make the honey and the brandy mix, and says he, 'That's the way with you young fellers. I've seen the day when a toddy couldn't 'a' stopped me from follerin' after a gyrl; but now,' says he, 'I'd hate to have to choose betwixt a woman and this here peach and honey.' And Hamilton he was tappin' his boot with his ridin'-whip and walkin' the floor, and Uncle Billy jest kept on talkin' and stirrin'. 'You're young and strong,' says he, 'and I'm old and feeble. It's half-past ten in the mornin' with you, and it's half-past eleven at night with me. You're on the big road, and jest before you there's a gyrl with yeller hair and brown eyes, and you'll ketch up with her maybe before night, and here I am in my old hickory chair and nothin' before me but my old lame foot and my peach and honey. But,' says he, 'son, take an old man's advice: don't be in too big a hurry to ketch up with that yeller-haired gyrl.' Says he, 'You know the old sayin' about a bird in the hand bein' worth two in the bush, but from long experience,' says he, 'I've learned that it's the other way with women. A woman in the bush is worth two in the hand, so keep her in the bush as long as you can.'"

"Well, they said Hamilton burst out laughin', and seein' that the old man was too far gone to give him any information, he called up all the servants on the place, and he pulled out a handful o' silver and threw it around amongst 'em, and by questionin' this one and that one he found out which way Miss Amaryllis had gone, and away he went after her as hard as he could gallop. And to make a long story short, he hunted around over the biggest half of Warren County, and he wore out two or three horses before he found Miss Amaryllis.

"She'd gone to a big country place where one of her cousins on the Elrod side lived, and when Hamilton got there early one mornin' he found there was goin' to be a party that night, and everybody for miles around was to be there. So he rode back to town and went to the county clerk's office and got his license, and then he found out where the Presbyterian minister lived, and he went there and told him who he was and

what he'd come for. The minister he thought a minute and says he: 'I don't know what my congregation will say about me going to a dance to perform a wedding ceremony. Can't you wait till to-morrow morning?' They said Hamilton stamped his foot and swore—swearin' was a Schuyler failin'—and says he, 'I've waited five years, and here you ask me to wait till to-morrow morning.' Says he, 'Is there water or milk in your veins?'

"And the minister laughed, and says he: 'No, there's blood in my veins, the same as there is in yours, and I'm a man before I'm a preacher. I'll go with you, dancing or no dancing, and see the thing through.' And Hamilton laughed and

says he, 'It's not a dance you're going to; it's a wedding.'

"Well, he and the young preacher set out for the country place where Miss Amaryllis was stayin' and got there jest as the fiddlers was tunin' up for the first dance, and all the men was choosin' their partners. Hamilton had on his ridin'-clothes, but no matter what kind o' clothes he had on, he always had a grand sort o' look, and they said when he come into the big room everybody turned around and stopped talkin'. And he stood still a minute, lookin' for Miss Amaryllis, and as soon as he saw her, he walked straight up and took hold of her hand, and says he, 'The next dance is mine.' And the young man that was



"THE NEXT DANCE IS MINE"

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standin' by Miss Amaryllis he fired up and says he: 'You're mistaken. Miss Amaryllis has promised me this dance.' And Hamilton he bowed and says he, 'Five years ago, sir, she promised me the next dance, and I've been traveling night and day for a week to have that promise kept.' And he looks down at Miss Amaryllis and says he, 'Isn't that so?' And she smiles at the young man and nods her head, and jest then the music struck up and she danced off with Hamilton.

"And when the dance was over he kept hold of her hand and led her over to where her cousin was standin', and says he, 'Madam, the minister is in the next room, and with your leave there'll be a wedding here to-night.' And Miss Amaryllis tried to pull her hand out of his, and she was laughin' and blushin', and everybody come crowdin' around to see what was the matter, and she says: 'Let go my hand, Hamilton. Wait till I go home, and I'll marry you.' And he laughed and says he: 'You haven't any home to go to. The Cedars belongs to me, and we might as well be married here.' And she says, 'Well, let me go up-stairs and put on a white dress.'

"They said she had on a yeller silk, jest the color of her hair, with white lace on the waist and sleeves and a string o' pearls around her neck. And Hamilton jest held on to her hand still tighter. And she says, 'Hamilton, you hurt my hand; please let go.' And he says, 'I wouldn't hurt you for worlds, but I'm going to hold your hand till the minister pronounces us man and wife.' And he put his thumb and finger together, jest so, around her wrist like a bracelet, and says he: 'That can't hurt you. Now choose your bridesmaids, and we'll call the minister in and be married at once.' Says he, 'I always intended that my bride should wear yellow silk.' And one o' the gyrls says, 'But she must take off the pearl necklace; pearls at a wedding mean tears.' And Hamilton says, 'Let it alone; every pearl stands for a tear of joy.' And then he looked around and says he, 'I want four groomsmen.' And the young man that Miss Amaryllis was about to dance with when Hamilton come in, he spoke up and says he, 'I'd rather be the bridegroom, but if I can't be that, I'll be first groomsmen.' And three other young men they said they'd be groomsmen, too. And they all stood up, and the preacher come in, and he mar-

ried 'em jest as solemn as if they'd been in church.

"They said it was right curious, how they'd been fiddlin' and dancin' and carryin' on, but the minute the preacher stepped into the room everybody was as still as death. I've heard folks say that they always felt like laughin' when they oughtn't to laugh, at a funeral or a communion service or a baptizin', but, child, when a man and a woman stands up side by side and the preacher begins to say the words that binds 'em together for life, nobody ever feels like laughin' then. A weddin', honey, is the solemnest thing in the world, and they said before the preacher got through sayin' the ceremony over Hamilton and Miss Amaryllis there was tears in nearly everybody's eyes, and when he stooped down to kiss the bride it was so still you could hear the little screech-owls in the woods at the side o' the house. And Hamilton turned around and bowed to the first groomsmen and says he, 'Sir, I robbed you of your partner a while ago, now I give her back to you for the next dance'; and he took hold o' the first bridesmaid's hand and motioned to the fiddlers to begin playin', and they struck up a tune and everybody went to dancin' as if life wasn't made for anything but pleasure. And the next mornin' Hamilton and his bride started for home, ridin' horseback and stoppin' along the way as they come to taverns or their friends' houses, and folks said they looked like they'd found the pot of gold at the foot o' the rainbow."

Aunt Jane began rolling up her knitting, a sure sign that the story was ended. But even the tales of childhood went farther than this. It was not enough to know "and so they were married"; I must hear also how they "lived happily ever afterward."

"Oh! go on," I cried; "this can't be the end of the story."

"Sometimes it's best not to know the end of a story," said Aunt Jane gravely.

But I heeded not the warning. I must know more of this girl who drew to herself the love of men as the ocean draws the rivers. "Tell me a little more about Miss Amaryllis," I pleaded.

But Aunt Jane was silent, and her eyes were sad. "There's mighty little more to tell," she said at last, her words coming slowly and reluctantly. "Miss Amaryllis died when her baby was born. The baby died, too, and they buried both of 'em in the



MISS PENELOPE AND MISS AMARYLLIS

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same grave. It was the dead o' winter, and one o' the coldest winters we'd had for years. The ground was frozen solid as a rock, and the snow was nearly a foot deep. It's hard enough, child, to lay the dead in the ground when the sun's shinin' and the earth's warm and there's plenty of sweet flowers and green sod to cover the grave with. But when it comes to cuttin' a grave in the snow and the ice and layin' away the body of a child that's bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, or maybe a husband or a wife that's nearer and dearer yet, why, there's no words, I reckon, that can tell what a trial that is. I always used to pray that my funerals might come in the spring or summer when everything was warm and pretty, and, child, my prayers was answered. I never had a winter funeral. I ricollect my baby brother dyin' when I was jest a little child. It was towards the end o' winter, and the first night after the funeral it rained, a hard, cold, beatin' rain, and mother walked the floor all night and wrung her hands and cried at the thought of her child's body lyin' in the grave and the cold rain fallin' on it; and she never got reconciled to the child's death and able to sleep right till spring come and the grass got green and she could carry flowers and put 'em on its little grave.

"And that's the way Hamilton Schuyler was, only worse. He had the body dressed in the dress she was wearin' at the dance the night he married her, and when they put the corpse in the coffin in the big parlor he stayed by it for three days and nights, leanin' over and whisperin' and smilin' and smoothin' her hair and pattin' the little dead baby on its hands and face. Every time they'd say anything about buryin' the body he'd throw his arms around the coffin and carry on so terrible that there was nothin' to do but let him have his way. He kept sayin': 'Maybe she's not dead. She may besleepin' like the baby, and to-morrow they'll both wake up.' And then he'd say: 'If it was only summer-time! Can't you find some roses? She ought to have her hands full of roses.'

"And as soon as dark come, he'd have all the wax candles lighted in the parlor, and they said it made your flesh creep to hear him talkin' and laughin' with the dead all night long and the whole room blazin' with light jest like there was a weddin' goin' on.

"Well, when the third day come, they said the funeral had to be, and they dug the grave in the family buryin'-ground and cut branches of cedar and pine and lined it so you couldn't see the frozen earth anywhere, and they covered the coffin with ivy off the walls o' the old house. It was one o' those clear, sunshiny winter days when the sky's soft and blue jest like it is in May or June, but the air was bitter cold, and there was a crust of ice on top o' the snow and the frozen ground under it. Hamilton had got kind o' quiet by this time, and he was so weak from loss o' sleep and not eatin' anything that they thought they wouldn't have any more trouble, but when they let the coffin down into the ground and the first clod fell on it, it took the strength of three men to keep Hamilton from throwin' himself into the grave."

Alas, the sad, sad story, beginning with love and spring and youth, and ending beside an open grave under wintry skies! Aunt Jane was wiping her glasses, and my tears were flowing fast.

"Death has mighty few terrors when death comes at the right time, honey," said Aunt Jane tremulously. "You know the Bible says 'We all do fade as a leaf'; and when a person's lived out his appointed time, three score years and ten or maybe four score, why, his death is jest like the fallin' of a leaf. It's had its spring and its summer, and it's nothin' to cry about when the frost comes and touches it and it falls to the ground to make room for the new leaves that'll come next spring. But jest suppose that the leaves fell as soon as the trees got green and pretty in the springtime, and suppose all the roses died in the bud. Wouldn't this be a sorrowful world if things was that way? There ain't any bitterness in the tears that's shed over old folks' coffins, but when I think o' Miss Amaryllis dyin' the way she did before she'd lived her life and had the happiness she ought to 'a' had, I feel like questionin' the ways o' Providence. And then, again, I think maybe she had as much happiness in that one year as most folks has in a lifetime. It ain't often a man loves a woman so much that he can't live without her, but that's the way Hamilton Schuyler loved Miss Amaryllis, and that's the main reason why I ricollect her so well after all these years. Her hair and her eyes would keep me from forgettin' her outright, and when I think of how she

looked and how Hamilton Schuyler loved her, it seems like she was different from all the other women that ever I've known."

"Dust and ashes! Dust and ashes!" sings the poet; but "Love and beauty! Love and beauty!" answers the soul. And thus, doubly immortalized, and radiant as when she played with the hearts of men in her golden youth, this maiden more beautiful than her name shall live in the tale I tell as it was told to me.

"You ricollect the Bible says 'Love is strong as death,'" said Aunt Jane, "but that ain't always so. You'll see a husband or a wife die, and you'll think the one that's left never will git over grievin' for the one that's gone, and the first thing you know there's a second marriage, and that shows that death is stronger than love, and I reckon it's well that it's so. If one's taken and the other's left, it's because the livin' has got a work to do in this world. They can't spend their lives grievin' after the dead, and they oughtn't to try to foller the dead. But once in a while, honey, it's a good thing to find a love that's stronger than death. 'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.'"

The tremulous old voice ceased again and there was a long silence. At last, "What became of Hamilton Schuyler?" I asked softly.

Aunt Jane roused herself with a start. She also had known a love that was stronger than death, and her thoughts were not with Hamilton and Miss Amaryllis.

"Hamilton?" she said dreamily. "Oh, yes! Poor man! Poor man! It was all they could do to make him come away from the grave, and when they got him home and tried to persuade him to go to bed and take some rest, he'd throw out his arms and push 'em away and say: 'There's no more rest for me on this earth. How can a man get into his bed and sleep, when his wife and child are lyin' out in the frozen ground?' And for weeks he'd go out to the graveyard in the dead o' the night and wander up and down the house like a ghost. He stayed around the place till spring come, and when the flowers begun to bloom he got worse instead o' better. It looked like every flower and tree reminded him of Miss Amaryllis. And he'd walk down the yarden lookin' at her rose-bushes and talkin' to himself, and every time a rose bloomed he'd gether it and

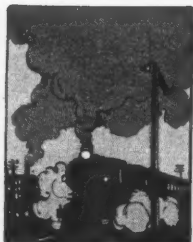
put it on her grave. And one mornin', about the last o' May, he told one o' the slaves to saddle his horse, and when they asked him where he was goin', he said: 'I'm going to find her. I found her once, and I can find her again.'

"They tried to reason with him, but they might as well 'a' talked to the air. He rode off like mad, and the next folks heard of him he was 'way off yonder in some foreign country; and after a while the news come that he'd been found dead in his bed. Whether he grieved himself to death or whether he took his own life nobody ever knew. I ricollect how glad I was when I heard about it, for I knew he'd found Miss Amaryllis.

"But there's one thing, child, that troubles me and always has troubled me, especially since Abram died. You know that text that says there's neither marryin' nor givin' in marriage in heaven, but we'll all be like the angels? I've thought and thought about that text, but I can't see how a man and a woman that's loved each other and lived together as husband and wife for a lifetime in this world can ever be anything but husband and wife, no matter what other world they go to nor how long death's kept 'em parted from each other; and when death comes between 'em at the very beginnin', it looks like they ought to have their happiness in heaven. I know it's wrong to go against the words o' the Bible, and yet I can't help hopin' and trustin' that somehow or other Hamilton Schuyler found his wife and the little child that never drew a breath in this world; for that was all the heaven he wanted, and it looks like he had a right to it."

Does it call for laughter or for tears, this splendid audacity of the soul that gives us strength to stand among the wrecks of human life and in the face of inexorable law plead our right to love and happiness? And yet, is not inexorable law but another name for the eternal justice that measures out to every man his just deserts? And who but the fool dare say that eternal justice is but a dream?

For "now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." And if faith and hope fail not, surely the love that is stronger than death shall one day find its own, and hold its own through all eternity.



Owners of America

IV. The Vanderbilts

By Charles P. Norcross



HEEDLESS historians, lightly assembling facts for their chronicles, cast a transient eye throneward and group all royalty under one classification. For their purposes and uses a king is a king, and a ten-spot is a ten-spot. As a matter of fact, there is just as much caste and class in the king row as there is upon the frontier of peasantry, or marks the penumbral blends of Simon Tappetit's despised middle classes. Emperor Francis Joseph of the ancient but singularly unhappy and unfortunate Hapsburg line regards his German fellow monarch as mushroom royalty, while the head of the ancient house of Savoy regards the rotund English king as a parvenu in the reigning business.

In the self-constituted money aristocracy of America—within the more or less elastic confines of the group herein assembled under the caption "Owners of America"—the same class distinction holds good. We have Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Ryan eating their bread still hot from the conflict to get it. We have the Vanderbilts and the Astors, on the other hand, who have sloughed the dross of labor, and, carefully groomed, are enjoying the wealth garnered by forbears and carefully conserved through succeeding generations. They are alien to the mart and

mill, screened and ennobled by ancestral trees, which, if not of giant proportions, at least throw a grateful and protecting shade.

And there you get your society, for in the toil and sweat of accumulation there is little time to think of the softer side of life and the tight-rope progression demanded by the conventions of this selfsame society. Therefore, by the inflexible rules of the game, the Vanderbilts and the Astors come out of the siftings as society leaders. As the Astors had a slight start on the Vanderbilts in that line of endeavor, for years Mrs. Astor has been the acknowledged and undisputed leader of society, with the Vanderbilts a not distant second. At the present writing Mrs. Astor, enfeebled by years, is in practical retirement, and members of the Vanderbilt family now loom large on the horizon as the society leaders of the country. As this article deals with the Vanderbilt family, simply as a matter of foreword, owing to their railroad empire, they can be classified as properly within the combination of owners of America, and then one forward step may be taken and the title of social leadership placed squarely in their hands.

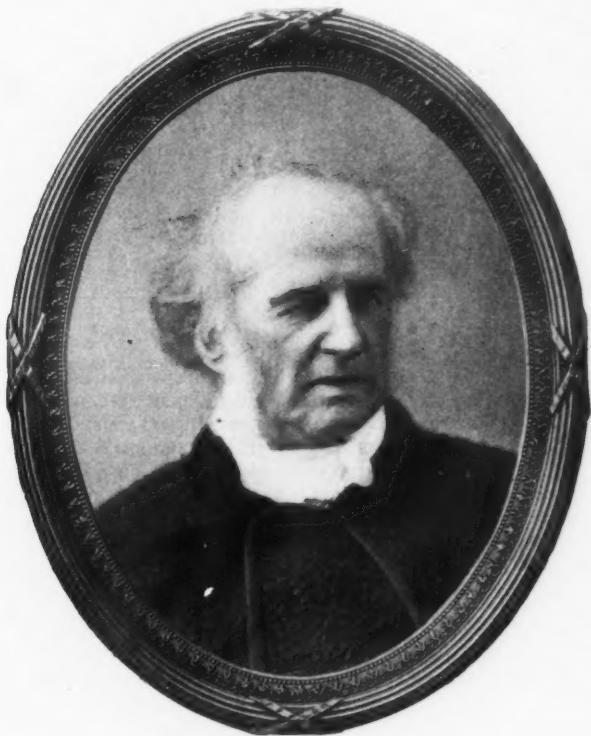
That is why every move of the family is blazoned in the newspapers and megaphoned from the housetops. Contracting the leadership to one family still leaves room for individual designation, and to Cornelius

Vanderbilt and his wife, concerning whom more is to be said, can be delegated the title of head of society in the western world, with an acknowledged status in England and Continental Europe.

The history of the Vanderbilt family, so far as it affects the affairs of this country, properly began with Cornelius Vanderbilt, known as the "Commodore." History can reach back into the sixteenth century and find forbears of the family in Holland, and trace them through successive generations

who carried it forward and increased its value many times. When he died in 1885 his son Cornelius stepped into the place as head of the family, and while not a brilliant accumulator or daring operator he conserved the great estate and at his death passed it over intact, even slightly increased, to his brother, William K. Vanderbilt, who is to-day the head of the family.

It is a sore temptation in writing of the Vanderbilts as charter members of the "Owners of America" series to ignore

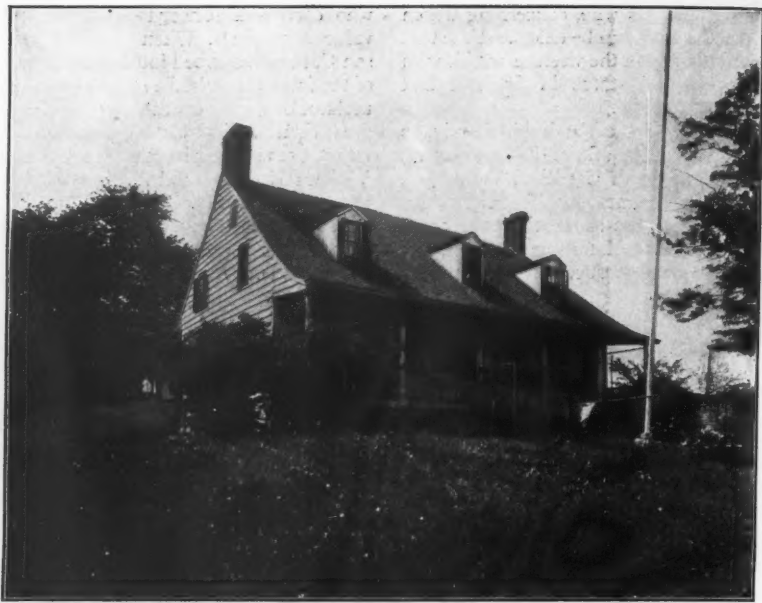


C. Vanderbilt.

(Note capital D in signature of Commodore Vanderbilt)

to the little farm on Staten Island where the Commodore was born in 1794. It was this giant-framed, enormously energetic, highly imaginative and far-seeing pioneer who laid the foundation of the family fortune. It was his son, William H. Vanderbilt, born in 1821,

the present-day members of the family and confine the tale to the great deeds of the turbulent Commodore and the embattled and many-sided W. H. The tale can run lurid and the scenes shift to climacteric dénouement when the stories revolve around them; but



THE OLD HOME OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT AT STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND

their day is done. They have passed from the stage, and the dead hand cannot rule. To-day the Vanderbilts are as bound by convention, and their every act is as obvious, as the sure three and a half per cent. that rolls in from their investments. In no member of the family has any of the old daring of spirit survived. In no arena of endeavor do you find a Vanderbilt listed in the contest. Rather they sit snugly by the accumulation left to their conservation and serenely watch the world march by in its panorama of effort and achievement.

The ancient saw that it is three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves has been carefully disproved by the present-day Vanderbilts. There is no wanton and prodigal spending. On the other hand, there is a careful computation of income and then an always successful campaign to keep within the limit—in some cases far within the limit—and allow the surplus to accumulate.

Perhaps the lack of the spur of necessity has caused powers to remain latent that, whipped into being by sheer need, would have caused a duplication of the feats of the father and grandfather. Instead of being great operators, constructive builders, and

pioneers in development, the inheritors of the Vanderbilt name are content to see the work delegated to others and confine their efforts to racing automobiles, driving a coach to and fro along an English highway, sailing yachts, or racing horses on the French turf. The motto of the whole family to-day is conservation. No campaigns for further territory are mapped out. Let the world wag on its embattled way; the Vanderbilts will have none of its warfare. So in writing of the Vanderbilts of to-day as owners of America they must be regarded in the light of custodians of property bequeathed and safeguarded rather than as a menace to field warriors of accumulation.

The Vanderbilt portion of the country is a railroad empire. It is worth noting just in passing that not since the death of William H. Vanderbilt has the family added a single mile to its holdings, outside of the regular accumulation of development. There has been no contest for territory. There has been no foray into other fields. Instead, all effort has been thrown toward holding what they already owned.

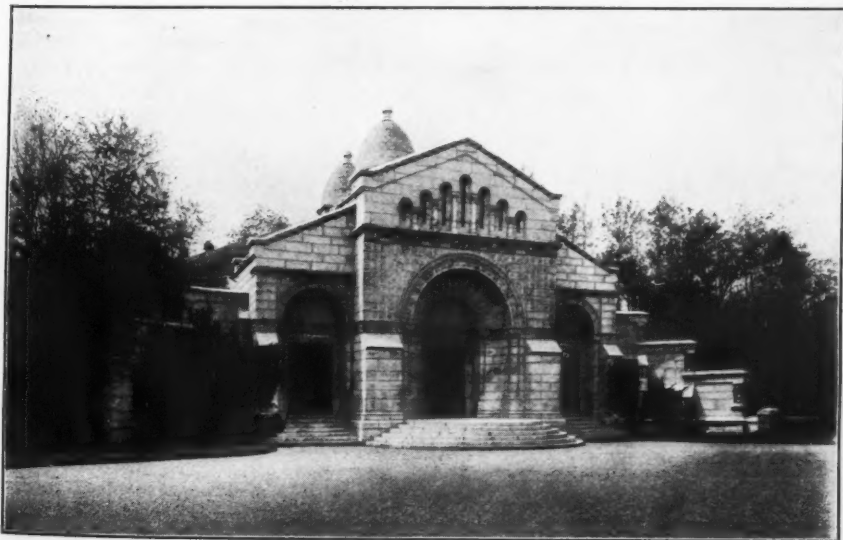
It was the constructive genius of Commodore Vanderbilt, succeeded by the daring operations and administrative ability of

William H. Vanderbilt, that created, welded, and fenced in this railroad dominion which, conserved in turn by the sure-footed and safe-moving Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt, is to-day worth, roundly, one and one-quarter billions of dollars. With their terminal in the heart of New York city, the New York Central lines, the central organization of the railroad system with a hundred subsidiary roads, swing west to Pittsburg, Buf-



COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND HIS GREAT-GRANDSON CORNELIUS, IN HIS HOME, 10 WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH, NEW YORK CITY

falo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other great cities. While the Vanderbilts control absolutely what is technically known as the Vanderbilt system, the main lines of which are the New York Central, the Lake Shore, the Michigan Central, the "Big Four," and the Chicago & Northwestern, they are overlords of dozens of subsidiary lines linking with steel rails hundreds of towns and hamlets from the Atlantic coast as far west as



THE VANDERBILT MAUSOLEUM IN THE MORAVIAN CEMETERY, NEW DORP, STATEN ISLAND

Omaha, north to Boston and New England points, and in the middle West to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis. They control a track-age of over eighteen thousand miles, and the capitalization in stocks and bonds of the so-called Vanderbilt system in round numbers exceeds the enormous total of \$1,277,000,000.

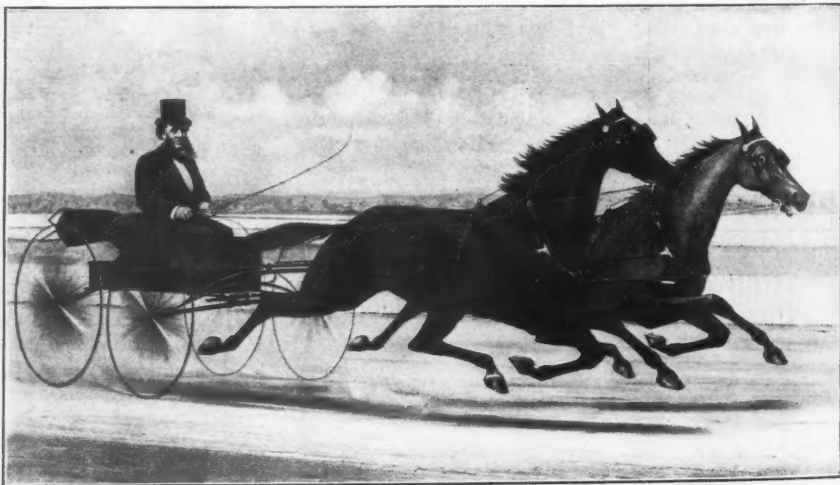
The reader must not glean the idea that the Vanderbilt family owns this enormous amount of stocks and bonds. The capital stock of the lines mentioned amounts to about \$523,000,000, while the funded debt accounts for the other \$754,000,000. It is probable that the Vanderbilt family combined does not own five per cent. of the stock of the New



W. H. Vanderbilt

York Central, or any other of the so-called Vanderbilt lines.

Why does control of this property rest with the Vanderbilts when they are minority stockholders? The query is natural and the answer simple. It is a matter of momentum. The Commodore primarily and W. H. Vanderbilt following in his footsteps planted their individualities so strongly upon the system that the name has become synonymous with the road. Through years of operation the Vanderbilts have designated their own executives until they control every operating and traffic official of the system. These men naturally turn to the head of the Vanderbilt family for instructions. Stockholders are widely scattered. There



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WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT AND HIS TWO FAMOUS TROTTERS, ALDINE AND MAUD S.



INTERIOR OF THE OLD MORAVIAN CHURCH, NEW DORP,
WHERE COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND HIS
FAMILY WORSHIPED

is lack of cohesion among them. An annual stockholders' meeting is a farce. Once every year Senator Chauncey M. Depew, accompanied by the president of the New York Central (the present official is W. H. Newman), a corps of clerks and smaller officials, goes to Albany, and there is a stockholders' meeting. If this were England hundreds of stockholders would be on hand, and many pertinent queries would be propounded, but at these meetings there is hardly ever an attendant except the officials of the system, equipped with proxies, who carry out the program of the family. For years one old man from Malone who holds ten shares of stock has attended the meetings, but he is regarded humorously by the railroad people. There you have the control.

Owning but a small percentage of stock the Vanderbilt family does own what is known in the railroad world as "the milk-

ers." For instance, the family owns all the stock of the New York and Harlem road. This road, with its ten millions of stock and twelve millions of bonds, is leased for four hundred years to the New York Central. Is it leased on a basis favorable to the stockholders



BRONZE DOORS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, GIVEN BY MRS.
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AS A MEMO-
RIAL TO HER HUSBAND



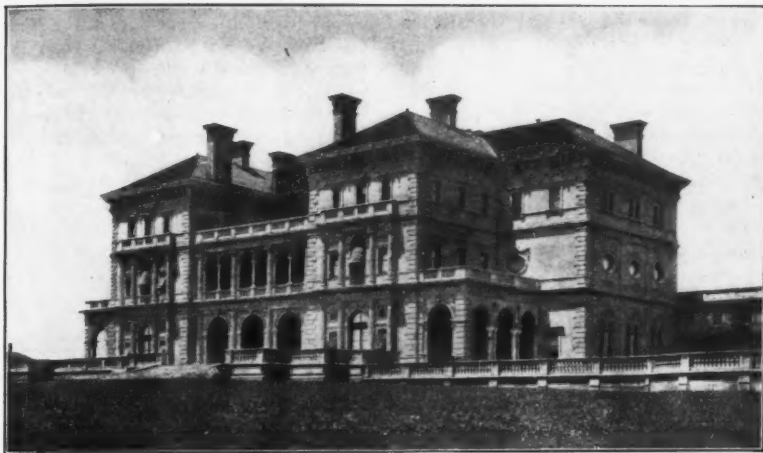
THE OLD HOME OF WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT ON STATEN ISLAND

of the Central? Well, hardly. The lease price was formerly eight per cent., but in 1900 it was raised to ten per cent. It is an underlying obligation and must be paid. Then the bonds were seven per cent. obligations, but in a burst of magnanimity upon a readjustment at maturity the family cut

the rate to three and one-half per cent., but as an afterthought decided that of the \$420,000 saved \$200,000 should revert to the Harlem company. In addition the family owns the Albany bridge. This is the traffic route over the Hudson, and the car charges for the service are far in excess of those paid on other



NEW YORK HOME OF THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE, FIFTY-SEVENTH AND FIFTY-EIGHTH STREETS



THE BREAKERS—THE NEWPORT HOME OF THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

bridges and net a handsome return. The fast-freight lines with advantageous rates, the great construction companies with fat contracts, the first-mortgage bonds, the construction bonds and like cream will be found in the hands of the Vanderbilts. They own the secured liens on the property and leave the stock to the public, as the stock gets its dividend last.

When the late Cornelius Vanderbilt died an inventory of his estate showed that he owned less than two million dollars of stock of the New York Central, of which he was the executive head, or about two per cent. of its capitalization at that time. The inventory did show, however, that he owned nearly twenty millions of gilt-edged bonds of the system. What is true of his estate is probably true of all the Vanderbilt family. The members do not care for stock, particularly. The sure

money is in bonds and underlying securities. Dividends may have to be cut, but fixed charges must be met or else a receiver.

It is necessary to go back fifty years to reach the first stage in the construction of this great fortune, which is now being safeguarded. Some writer of the time has said

that the railroads of that period were like coral polyp, congeries of separate units, alive, but uncontrolled and unorganized. To-day they may be likened to a highly developed mammal, so thoroughly correlated that each fiber of its being is in touch and sympathy with all the rest. This change, from what Herbert Spencer would have called heterogeneity to homogeneity, was bound to come. It might have come less swiftly but for the foresight, imagination, and tremendous ability of Cornelius Vanderbilt. In this metamorphosis the Commo-



THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

dore looms above the other railway builders like a giant in a pigmy army.

Of Dutch ancestry, the Commodore was born on Staten Island. The first of the race in this country was Jan Aertsen Van Derbilt. It will be noticed that to the last the Commodore, in his signature, clung to the capital D in his name, although the latter-day members of the family have discarded it. Born in 1794, the Commodore inherited the thrift and industry of excellent parents, who had accumulated a fortune estimated at fifty thousand dollars. He was the eldest of nine children. He manifested a distaste for schools and education, but was tremendously fond of horses, sailing-boats, and outdoor life. This love of sport has held good all through the succeeding generations.

The Commodore started upon his business career before he became of age, by purchasing a sailboat to be used in the trade between Staten Island and New York. He borrowed one hundred dollars from his mother for this venture, and the story runs that she drove a hard bargain with him for the loan. His success was rapid. By 1818 he owned

three vessels and had nine thousand dollars in bank. By the time he was forty he had accumulated five hundred thousand dollars and was the traffic king of the waters around New York. He was the first to see the future of steam as applied to vessels and was a pioneer in that development. When the gold excitement broke out he established a passenger line to the Pacific via Nicaragua.

It was about 1844 that he discerned that the future transportation development of the country would rest with the railroads; and with that decision always characteristic of him, he converted his steamboat holdings into railway shares. He bought into the New York and New Haven Railroad. In

1863 he bought a large part of the shares of the New York and Harlem road, which formed the basis for the present New York Central system. His next step was to consolidate the Harlem and the Hudson River roads. In 1867 he was elected president of the New York Central, and his career from that time was one of constant battle, accumulation, and coordination of the railway service.

The Commodore died in 1877, and his fortune was estimated at \$100,000,000. For sixty-six years his life was one of perpetual warfare. He neither gave nor asked quarter. "What other men have done I can do" was his motto. With the same country, the same laws, the same avenues, the same opportunity was open to every man of his time. He met keen adversaries at each step. Each day renewed an old fight or began a new one. He was sometimes checked, often forced to take another position, but never defeated.

"Fools can make money. It takes a wise man to keep it," he said upon one time. "Wall Street owes me a million a year," he declared and collected it regularly and sometimes went back for more.

While a friend of the Union in the course of the war, he was deeply interested in harmonizing the disaffected sections of the country. He gave a million to Vanderbilt University. He attended a church service where clerks and young business men worshipped. "Fellows who are helping themselves," he said tersely and sent his check for fifty thousand dollars to the pastor. When the *Merrimac* threatened the destruction of the entire northern seacoast, a band of wealthy men invaded Washington and begged President Lincoln to do something. Lincoln said, "If I had as much money as you fellows say you have, and were as skeer-



WILLIAM KISSAM VANDERBILT, SR.

ed as you seem to be, I would find a way of taking care of my property." Commodore Vanderbilt did not go to Washington. His fortune was threatened as much as anyone else's. He owned the biggest and fastest ship on the ocean. He buttressed her with

ment, and Congress voted him a medal. He died with the record of having revolutionized the railway traffic of the country and accumulated the greatest fortune ever made by an individual in a lifetime—up to that date. William H. Vanderbilt stepped into his



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, DAUGHTER OF
WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT

stout timbers and gave her to the government, and urged that she be hurled at full speed on the *Merrimac*. It would have destroyed the ship, but it might have stopped the *Merrimac*. Before this could be done the *Monitor* had saved the day, but the Commodore confirmed his gift to the govern-

ment, and Congress voted him a medal. He was a worthy successor. Hundreds of tales could be told of his Wall Street battles. He was daring and resourceful. He carried on the work and welded the great system together. He added new lines. He pushed into the Northwest with the Chicago and

Northwestern. He took over the Canada Southern. He hammered the system into shape. He was a wonderful judge of men and the hardest worker of all his organization.

The president of one of the subsidiary lines came into Chauncey M. Depew's office one day and said:

"Chauncey, I am tired out. I want a rest. I am going to Europe. Tell W. H. that I want leave of absence, but if he won't grant it hand him my resignation—and put this in the safe," passing over a block of securities.

When W. H. Vanderbilt came in Mr. Depew delivered the message.

"Dashed glad of it," said W. H. "I have wanted to be rid of that fellow for a long time. He is a stock-gambler and doesn't attend to business. Tell him I accept his resignation," and he turned on his heel. He had barely passed the door when he turned and said,

"By the way, Chauncey, has he got anything?"

"He just handed me about two million dollars' worth of the finest stuff you ever saw to put in the safe," said Depew.

"Chauncey," said W. H. winningly, "that is a valuable man. It would be a pity to lose him. Tell him to go abroad and have a good time, and come back when he gets ready—and his place is open to him."

Perhaps the remark that, more than any other, made W. H. Vanderbilt famous was the explosive, "The public be damned!" It is a far cry from Vanderbilt to Lawson, but what Vanderbilt epitomized Lawson has recently promulgated with wearisome verbosity. Vanderbilt always denied having used the expression, but it will doubtless cling to his memory.

W. H. Vanderbilt was an inordinate

worker, and his greatest relaxation was in driving trotting horses. He owned the finest and fastest in the country, and could be seen any afternoon driving in a road-wagon behind a team of swift steppers. He died in 1885 and left the fortune handed to him by the Commodore greatly increased in value. He left four sons and four daughters, and with the advent of this generation came the era of the conservators.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, born in 1845, succeeded as head of the family. The other children were William K., Frederick W., George W., Louisa, who married Elliot F. Shepard; Emily, who married William D. Sloane; Florence, who married H. McK. Twombly; and Eliza, who married Dr. W. Seward Webb.

It was this generation that built the magnificent Vanderbilt palaces, and knocked at the door of society. Cornelius built the great house at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. William K. erected the superb French château at Fifty-

second Street and Fifth Avenue, the artistic lines of which are badly marred by its cramped setting. Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Shepard built one of what are known as the packing-box houses at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, the other one being erected by W. H. Vanderbilt. Doctor Webb created the magnificent estate at Shelburne Farms, while Cornelius built what is probably the finest summer home in the country, The Breakers at Newport.

It is a remarkable contrast to align these wonderful palaces against the unpretentious little frame house on Staten Island from which the Commodore set out on his business career, and to set the quaint old Moravian church where the founder of the dy-



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

nasty worshiped against St. Bartholomew's and its bronze doors.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's career was unmarked by any great achievement. He was a kindly, colorless man. He was interested in charities and was essentially a plodder. Stricken with paralysis in 1896, after years of suffering and vain search for health, he died in 1899. His widow, as a memorial, gave the wonderful bronze doors to St. Bartholomew's Church, and is deeply interested in the parish house.

At his death his brother, William K. Vanderbilt, assumed the responsibilities of the head of the house, but he has done little actual work. He entrusts all details to exec-

utives and spends most of his time in Europe. Since his divorce some years ago, and his recent marriage to Mrs. Rutherford, this country appears to be distasteful to him. He spends little time here, and takes no part in society or social affairs. The stable he maintains in France is the largest one racing there, and last season the winnings totaled over a million francs, a big sum for the French turf.

It is to the younger generation of Vanderbilts that social and financial leaders are looking to carry on the traditions of the family. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., and the members of that generation are no longer active, but the younger set has developed ac-

tivity along many lines, although none of them has shown an aptitude for business, at least on a large scale.

First and foremost of interest in the younger set are Cornelius Vanderbilt and his charming wife, who was Miss Grace Wilson, daughter of Richard T. Wilson. The tale of Cornelius Vanderbilt's disinheritance, for loyalty to the woman he loved, is well known. He was the logical head of the house, but his father, displeased with the alliance, cut him off with a million dollars. Later his brother, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, to whom the bulk of the fortune was bequeathed, settled an additional seven million dollars upon his brother, rather than face a contest. Cornelius Vanderbilt's home life has been singularly happy, and his wife has been a tactful and charming social helper. The romance of the lost millions, for the sake of love.



THE YOUNG SONS OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, WITH THEIR FATHER



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR. (AT LEFT) AT THE FAMOUS VANDERBILT CUP RACE WHICH HE ORGANIZED



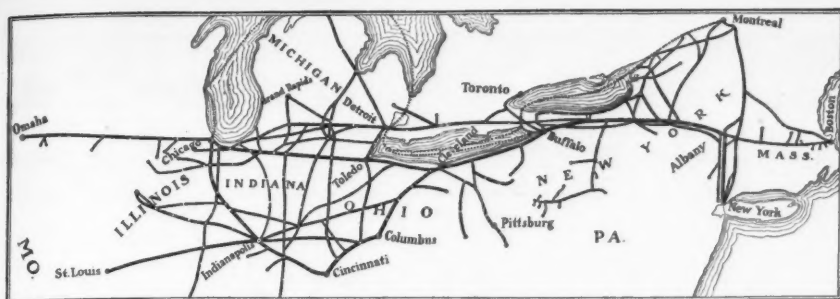
ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT ADJUSTING HARNESS OF HIS COACH-HORSES, ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

would appear to have a sequel of money well lost.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, of all the younger generation, is probably the ablest, the hardest working, and the best citizen. He has never shirked an obligation and has been a self-effacing but efficient worker.

It is something worth while to find among the colorless members of the younger generation a sterling character like young Cornelius. While

he is known as the inventor of a locomotive fire-box which is standard the world over, it is not known generally that he donned overalls, time and time again, and, begrimed with smoke and cinders, worked like a day-laborer running engines and testing his device. Neither is it known that when the great strike tied up the subway Cornelius, as a matter of duty and all in the day's work, simply because he was a director in the Interborough, went to the



THE VANDERBILT RAILWAY EMPIRE

Harlem yards and powerhouses and worked like a division superintendent in order to keep the trains moving. He did so without any beating of tom-toms or seeking of publicity. It seemed to him to be his duty, and he went about it as a matter of course. When the strike was over he doffed the working-clothes and quietly went back to his office. The other directors spent their time bewailing the greed of the men and nervously watching the ticker to see how stocks were affected.

He has a little eyrie office at No. 30 Pine Street, and here he toils early and late. As a National Guardsman he never sought to utilize his money and standing to get position, but went through the ranks to well-earned shoulder-straps. He served on the governor's staff by appointment. He has served as a delegate to several Republican state conventions. His relaxation is yachting, and his yacht the *North Star* is one of the finest afloat. Upon it he has entertained the German Emperor, and many other European notables. When Prince Henry visited this country it was Cornelius Vanderbilt who was chosen to entertain him. This put the cachet of social leadership upon him, and with the retirement of Mrs. Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt and his young wife have stepped into the place of acknowledged primacy in the social world.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's young sister, Gladys Vanderbilt, was recently married with much pomp to Count Ladislaus Szechenyi, scion of one of the oldest families in Hungary, and has gone there to live.

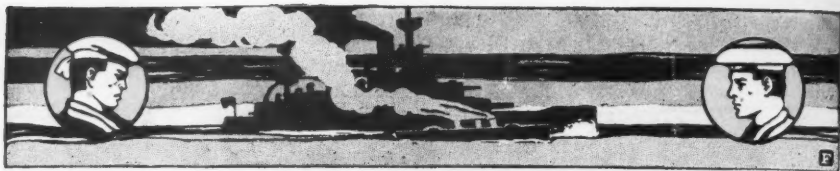
Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the second son of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who by the disinheritance of Cornelius assumed the place as head of the family, has never shown any interest in life in anything but horses. His divorce from his wife, who was Miss Elsie

French, is a matter of recent history. He formerly drove a coach daily from the Holland House to Ardsley, but since his divorce has gone abroad and is now driving a daily service between London and Brighton.

Of the children of William K. Vanderbilt, Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, is the best known. This international marriage promised well, but like many another the ending was sad. The couple are now living apart, and apparently there will be no reconciliation. The duke, scion of the famous line, has had to cut down his style of living materially since the separation.

To William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., nothing seems worth while but automobiles. It is a matter of wonder that he has not been killed, for a more reckless driver and a more daring, speed-mad rider has never been known. He has done much to develop the sport. The annual race for the Vanderbilt cup was instituted by him, and it is the blue-ribbon trophy of the country.

The other members of the younger set go about their various ways quietly and without ostentation. The old daring spirit of the Commodore seems to have thinned to anemic acquiescence in convention, and until there is a recrudescence or case of atavism the present-day Vanderbilts can be classified and left as social leaders, tripping lightly and in perfect rhythm to every convention and punctilious law of the world they move in, without ever sending up a single rocket to indicate that they are any better or any worse than their kind. On the whole, aside from family controversies such as are not unusual in their sphere, they are snugly comfortable, alienated from all care or worry as to future well-being, each, in his own way, enjoying what appeals to him most, and solemnly allowing the world to wag on, its battles and its victories of no interest to him.



If War Should Come!

Third Article—The Outcome

By Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson



EVER prophesy unless you know" is sound advice in all affairs; it is especially sound in international affairs; of international affairs it is soundest in matters of war and peace.

The only valuable and justifiable form of prophecy as to war and peace is an analytical investigation of conditions and forces from which conclusions may appear logical or inevitable.

War between the United States and Japan for supremacy in the Pacific can be followed to a fairly certain conclusion if the war is confined to these two powers. With the probable participation of Great Britain on the side of Japan and the possible participation of Germany on the side of the United States, the problem becomes more difficult and complex. With the probable participation of China and the possible participation of India, turning the war into a struggle for the supremacy of Asiatics in Asia, the problem thickens farther. With the development of the war into a possible ultimate gathering of the white men and the yellow men in a struggle for the supremacy of the world, the problem becomes unfathomable.

In a single-handed struggle between Japan and the United States the ultimate outcome could be but one way. No one doubts the determined spirit of both peoples. Both would contend to exhaustion. The final issue would be settled by one of the nations getting undisputed control of the sea. Which

nation this would be cannot be a matter of doubt. The great preponderance in resources would insure the control of the sea and supremacy in the Pacific to the United States. Though this ultimate result would be inevitable, the price paid for victory would depend on the policy pursued.

If we wisely hold our fleet in the Pacific war will be postponed until Japan feels she has a substantial superiority in her own fleet. When the *Ibuki*, *Kurama*, *Satsuma*, and *Oki* are commissioned Japan may have this feeling, especially on account of the last two—twenty-thousand-ton vessels that they are, carrying sixteen great guns each. It would be wise therefore for us to send out the *New Hampshire*, *Idaho*, *Mississippi*, *North Carolina*, and *Montana*, just completing.

Japan's ambitious program as reported, which proposes nine of the great new types of ships, would indicate that she is determined to gain this superiority in a few years even if we keep our whole reenforced fleet in the Pacific. The only course left for us is to hasten the completion of the *South Carolina*, *Michigan*, *Delaware*, and *North Dakota*, and the two battle-ships recently authorized. If America won in the first general engagement the war would be over; but if Japan, through a superior fleet, should destroy our present fleet in the Pacific, her control of the sea would not be permanent, for her fleet would be largely consumed in winning the victory, and our new ships would appear to contest with what remained.

Having only temporary control of the sea, Japan could only occupy our island posses-

sions and raid our Pacific coast. The difficulty of these raids would be enormously increased if we held Hawaii. Therefore, in addition to holding our fleet in the Pacific, we should hasten the establishment of a base at Pearl Harbor and the occupation of the Hawaiian Islands by the chief strength of our army. It would be futile to try to hold the Philippine Islands. If, through delay in the arrival of our new fleet, Japan had time to repair and prepare her injured fleet, and our new fleet, upon arrival, foolishly crossed the ocean and met disaster, then Japan would come into permanent control of the sea, and the Pacific coast would be invaded in force. Our nation would be turned into an army, but only reverses could attend attempts to dislodge the Japanese in full control of the slope from the coast to the mountains. The one sure way to proceed, the one that would be ultimately adopted, would be to draw upon our vast resources, quickly build a new fleet of great preponderance, and send it around.

Its approach would signal the loss of control of the sea to the Japanese, and their forces would retire. With the mainland clear, our next move would be an expedition to recover Hawaii. This would involve a great transport service, but we would have created it in advance. After reducing Hawaii and occupying it in force, our next move would be a great expedition against the Philippines. The stupendous army and the transport service would be at hand, and the Philippines would fall. Our next move would be an even greater expedition against Japan. The expedition would take Formosa en route, cut off Japanese communication with the mainland, and liberate Manchuria, Liao-tung, and Korea. America that opened Japan would then shut her up again.

COST OF VICTORY TO AMERICA

America's ultimate victory would be complete, but it would be bought at a terrible price, not only because of the fabulous cost of armaments and of pensions for a hundred years, not only because of the suffering and death of hundreds of thousands—even millions—of men, and the misery of their families, but the years of warfare and hatred would leave us a nation of soldiers, with militarism in complete control; our free institutions would totter, and liberty for mankind would be delayed for long centuries to come.

If, after the first Japanese victory, America could hold out in Hawaii, the Japanese would have to undertake an expedition against those islands. The new American fleet could then contest on equal footing the control of the sea. If it won, our Pacific slope would be saved from invasion, though not from raids. The American advance movement would then be facilitated. We would proceed against the Philippines, then against Japan, as before. The result would be the same. The ultimate victory would be ours, but the price, though less than in the case above, would still be staggering, and our nation would be left in the grip of militarism.

The same result would probably follow, even though the Japanese succeeded in taking the Hawaiian Islands in advance of the arrival of the new American fleet, provided this fleet hovered on our coast and put the Japanese fleet to the disadvantage of coming across for an engagement. Of course if the new fleet were vanquished, the slope would be open to invasion, and the course of the war would be as first described above.

In case we withdraw our present fleet from the Pacific, war will not be long postponed. The temporary control of the Pacific which this would give Japan would be of such great advantage in the present meager provision for defense in the Hawaiian Islands and in the Philippines that Japan would only await the creation of a pretext to begin war. The immigration question, left as it is, in Japan's hands, would probably furnish an avenue that Japan could turn into war at will. With our fleet out of the Pacific, any legislation on our part to control this domestic question of immigration ourselves would itself be made the desired pretext.

As pointed out in a previous paper,* with our fleet in the Atlantic, upon the declaration of war, or even before a declaration, the Japanese would seize and occupy in force the Philippine and Hawaiian islands, without substantial resistance, and would expect us to send our fleet, after it reached the Pacific, to their rescue. Such action would lead to the utter destruction of the fleet, and then the invasion of the Pacific coast would follow, and the ultimate outcome would be as first described above. If, on the other hand, our fleet upon arriving remained off our coast, and proceeded no farther than the Hawaiian Islands, it would stand at least an equal chance with the Japanese fleet if it

* See COSMOPOLITAN, June, 1908.

came across for an engagement. If it came and won, invasion would follow. If we won, then we would prepare at once for the rescue of our possessions. If it did not come, then we should stand still and be content with flying-squadron expeditions until we built a new fleet and raised a great army and prepared a great transport service, with which we could guarantee the control of the sea, and then proceed to retake Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and then move on Japan.

Even under these, the most favorable circumstances, the cost would be stupendous. Our nation would be left an army, and our whole national life would be transformed into a condition of militarism.

The only possible escape from these consequences is for us to create and maintain permanently in the Pacific a fleet that would insure victory from the start if war should come. The wise and true course would be to maintain permanently in the Pacific a fleet of such evident superiority over any fleet Japan could raise, no matter how fast she builds new ships, that the control of the sea could never be questioned; then the idea of seizing our possessions and invading our shores would disappear from the Japanese mind.

The eventualities above considered are based on the assumption that the contest would be confined to America and Japan, the ultimate outcome being a test of resources between the two countries.

JAPANESE AND AMERICAN RESOURCES

This assumption, however, cannot be depended on. Japan, of course, understands the magnitude of American resources, and it must be assumed that she is at least planning to draw upon resources other than her own. Of course it is known that she has negotiated and is negotiating loans far and wide, but her national resources fix a clear limit to her credit. She must turn her eyes to other countries. The camphor monopoly of Formosa and the timber, mining, and other monopolies of Korea and southern Manchuria are supplemental sources of income, but it is to the inexhaustible resources of China that Japan doubtless looks.

The widespread anti-foreign propaganda carried on in China by Japan is a preparation for the time when a call may be made on the Chinese masses for cooperation in Japan's foreign wars. The gap that exists

between the Manchu rulers of China and the masses of the Chinese enables Japan to play upon both, and the government of China, with unlimited power to tax the masses, will be called upon to foot Japan's bills by paying indemnities. The indemnities from China after the Chinese-Japanese War and the Boxer disturbances went far toward financing the great forces that won the Russo-Japanese War. To carry out her present ambitious naval and military programs Japan must be depending on China. By picking a quarrel with China she can get the money required. If war with China is precipitated in advance of or along with war with America its purpose will be to finance the latter war. If, through the subversive or overthrow of the Manchu dynasty or otherwise, Japan comes to tap the great resources of China, the ultimate victory of America would be placed in doubt. The result would depend on which power could, after the first shock, the more quickly create a fleet capable of controlling the sea in the Pacific.

America's main hope would lie in outstripping her adversary in shipbuilding, thus creating a fleet through which Japan could be isolated and cut off from exacting the aid of China. On the other hand, if Japan comes directly or indirectly to control the resources of China, and is given time enough to make them effective, even America's great resources would be inadequate to contest the control of the sea. The Pacific slope would then be lost permanently. Whether the yellow man's invasion would stop there would depend on whether he received cooperation from the British and Canadians. Japan in control of the sea, having the cooperation of the British as well as of the Chinese, would lay America open to subjugation. The two hundred and eighty million people of India would be available along with the five hundred millions of China and Japan, and the stream of invasion along the northern frontier would never end unless, in spite of the destruction of our navy-yards and shipyards and the laying waste of our coastline, America ultimately built fleets that would regain control of the sea.

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS

It is idle to talk of ties of blood and language while the British are in a hard-and-fast alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Japanese, an alliance that has been officially

interpreted by the Canadian premier as meaning cooperation in war in the waters off Vancouver and in the northern Pacific, which means cooperation against America. It is idle to hope for a change in this Anglo-Japanese alliance until America gains permanent control of the sea in the Pacific. At the present juncture the British are compelled to keep their fleets in European waters on account of the growth of Continental navies and especially the navy of Germany. This necessity will grow greater as the great naval program of Germany advances. There is not a battle-ship flying the British flag in all the Pacific Ocean. Great Britain is utterly powerless to defend Australia or Canada from Japan. Furthermore, with the unrest in India, British control in this great colony rests upon the pleasure of Japan. The speech of Count Okuma at Kobe was evidently intended to remind the British of this fact. Doubtless, Japan holds before the British the hope of realizing a dream of empire by extending their dominion from India across Tibet and down the Yangtse Valley across central China to the sea.

But, irrespective of this allurements, the British are compelled to court an alliance with the Japanese, for the British empire today is at the mercy of Japan. In the fulness of time, after Japan has worked the British as long as they are useful, the unrest in India will come to a head, Japan will cooperate with the native population, and India will be lost. An attempt to hold it will only drain

the resources of the British empire in vain. The only hope for Australasia and Canada to escape subjugation by Japan will lie in America's gaining control of the sea in the Pacific. Until America does gain this control, it is vain to hope to detach the British from their unnatural alliance with the yellow man. So long as America looks with indifference upon the Pacific Ocean and fails to build a navy large enough to insure, along with security in the Atlantic, undisputed

control of the sea in the Pacific, just so long will we be exposed to attack not by Japan alone, but by Japan drawing upon the resources of China and receiving the cooperation of the British.

British cooperation with the Japanese has another objective. The growing commercial and naval rivalry of Germany is causing grave concern in England, similar to the concern once felt about Russia. British and Japanese desires toward Russia ran along parallel lines. The first Anglo-Japanese alliance insured the isolation of Russia

and the overthrow of Russian power in the Far East. British and Japanese desires now run parallel with regard to Germany.

The German occupation of Kiao-Chau and her hopes for the Shantung peninsula are doomed. As the German fleet in Europe keeps the British fleet in Europe, so the British fleet in Europe keeps the German fleet in Europe, and with the German fleet in Europe Japan can take Kiao-Chau at any time. That Germany realizes this is indicated by the remarks of the government



RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON

in the Reichstag in connection with the last estimate for Kiao-Chau.

Germany is doubtless holding on to see how the next move of Japan, which all the world knows is to be against America, will turn out. If Japan should win against America, Germany will have to evacuate Kiao-Chau forthwith, and give up her hopes of commercial empire in Asia. Therefore, while it is never wise to place dependence for our safety upon another power, it is more than likely, unless America suffers signal defeat at once, that German cooperation with America, direct or indirect, will offset, at least in part, British cooperation with Japan.

In such an alignment, with the British and German fleets mutually held in Europe, the outcome would still hang upon the control of the sea in the Pacific. While Japan held control, Hongkong would be a base for Japan in operating against the Philippines, and Esquimalt and Vancouver would be bases for operating against the Pacific coast.

With Germany offsetting Great Britain, the Anglo-Japanese alliance could not insure the yellow man's invasion of the United States from Canada, though it could insure the loss of Alaska and the Pacific slope. On the contrary, though the Pacific slope would be lost for the time being, Canada would be wide open to invasion from America. The ultimate outcome of this struggle would be settled by America gaining control of the sea in the Pacific. The German base at Kiao-Chau would then facilitate the investment and isolation of Japan.

If the British fleet should destroy the German fleet, and British relations with Russia and France were such that a British fleet could proceed to the Pacific or could hold control of the sea in the Atlantic and lay the American coast-line open to raids and insure British cooperation from Halifax with a Japanese invasion from Vancouver, then the United States would be open to invasion from the north, and the war would be greatly prolonged. But, with a steadfast German cooperation, the final outcome would be the same. America and Germany would gain joint control of the sea in the Atlantic, and America unaided would gain control of the sea in the Pacific. The British flag would then disappear from the western hemisphere. This would not be all. The first exhaustive war the British become in-

volved in will be a signal for the uprising of the population of India. Vice versa, when the growing unrest in India breaks out into rebellion, British efforts at repression will so drain British resources that further leadership in the expensive race for sea power will be impossible. As soon as British usefulness is at an end Japan will cast Great Britain aside and lead the cry to throw her out of Asia.

FRANCE CONCERNED IN THE STRUGGLE

Great Britain and Germany are not the only European powers likely to be involved in the coming struggles of the Pacific. France has a colony in the heel of China and has hopes and fears similar to those of the British.

France can continue in Cochin China only by the consent of Japan, and her hopes of expansion rest upon Japanese cooperation in the division of China into spheres of influence or its dismemberment. The Franco-Japanese convention, like the Anglo-Japanese alliance, is founded upon two great motive springs, fear of punishment and hope of reward. The vague "special interests" in the "regions of India" of the Anglo-Japanese treaty hold up Tibet and central China to English eyes; and the "special interests" in "contiguous territory" of the Franco-Japanese convention hold up Yunnan, Kwangsi, Kwangtung, and the upper reaches of the West River to French eyes. Holding up Germany for future slaughter appeals to both English and French eyes. Japan coquetting with Russia in the division of Manchuria, allowing the Russian "railroad zone" to direct the affairs of northern Manchuria, is in the same line. Japan, with Oriental astuteness, is successfully playing upon all the divisions, weaknesses, and passions of the nations of the white race. Her first object is to get money to finance her own stupendous war preparations. Her ultimate object is to play these nations off against one another, while she is preparing the yellow man to seize supremacy. Japan has been eminently successful so far. She has raised money from practically all the white nations, America being one of the first to respond. The white man's money is paying for the yellow man's ships and armies intended for the white man's overthrow.

No human eye can see just how far the war between America and Japan may involve the other nations. Against America's

declared policy for the open door in China, Japan has certainly rallied Great Britain, France, and Russia. The probability of these nations cooperating with Japan is in the order in which they are named and will depend largely upon the result of the engagement or engagements in the early stages of the war. American success at Manila Bay and Santiago deterred other European nations from joining Spain. American success at the outset would deter other nations from joining Japan. American defeat, however, would be likely to lead to complications that would not only make our task infinitely more difficult and the outcome more uncertain, but would be likely to lead to great exhausting wars between the nations of the white race and pave the way for the supremacy of the yellow race.

NECESSITY FOR AMERICA'S SEA SUPREMACY

Thus, every phase of this investigation shows the absolute necessity for America to hold undisputed supremacy on the sea in the Pacific. This supremacy is necessary to prevent war with Japan, if war can be prevented. If war must come, it is the shortest, cheapest way to give us quick and decisive victory, and thus bring the war to a speedy close. Otherwise we must be prepared to see our island possessions wrenched from us, to see our Pacific coast raided and then invaded, to see foreign complications that will make possible the invasion of America from Europe and Asia at the same time, bringing upon us a struggle for existence itself—complications liable to set the whole world on fire and burn the way for Mongolian supremacy. It is only in our supremacy on the sea and immediate victory that we can avoid the necessity of turning our nation into an army and taking the road to militarism.

The annihilation of space through steam and electricity has brought into close contact all the nations and all the races of the earth. Among the white nations the old conception of peril from neighboring nations has not yet given way to a new conception of common peril from an alien race. It was common peril from without that brought discordant but kindred families together to form the clan; it was common peril from without that brought clashing but kindred clans together to form the tribe; it was common peril from without that brought opposing but kindred tribes together to form

the nation; we are now within sight of conditions of common peril from without that may cause the coming together of the kindred but warring white nations that form the Caucasian race.

The great movement to evolve an international organization for the administration of justice among nations should be developed with all possible rapidity, to be ready, if possible, to save the great nations of the white race from mutually destructive wars before the appreciation of the outside peril can bring them together, and to be ready to lay a basis for commerce and permanent friendship between the Caucasian and the Mongolian races before they precipitate wars mutually to destroy each other. In both cases, until the basis for permanent peace is reached, the world needs, for temporary peace, the restraining power that would come with supremacy on the sea in the hands of the great nation whose citizens live outside of the military zone, the offspring and friend of all other nations, the one nation without territorial ambition, the friend of China, the friend of the weak nations of a hemisphere, the nation that stands for an open-door policy in China, and a just policy of equality of right between individuals and between nations.

I would not prophesy, but two things are clear from the great forces at work in the world. First, America is to be supreme on the sea. This result is based upon her two-ocean geography, her boundless resources, her aversion to maintaining armies coupled with the necessity for maintaining her own integrity in the face of the armies of the world now brought to her door, and to her devotion to the institutions upon which her life is built.

Second, Asia is to revert to the Asiatics, and the white and yellow races are to be confined to their respective habitats, free from the deep instinct of self-preservation that engenders race hatred when two different races are thrown together on conditions of equality.

Whether America and the world are to go through fire on the way will depend on whether America will take time enough from her absorbing business and domestic problems to recognize in advance the necessity for her supremacy on the sea, and whether the European nations, in their scramble for empires in the East and spheres in China, will see the handwriting on the wall and withdraw from continental Asia without the struggles that now seem inevitable.

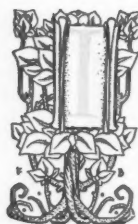
The Desolating Adventures of Jean Baptiste



By
Virginia
Berkley
Bowie.
D

A Little Encounter

Illustrated by Horace Taylor



T is now six months since I am come to America, and behold me already a citizen of this glorious Republic! I am carried away by its freedom, its promise of an enriching future, and I wait only the necessary time to take out my papers that I may become truly American. New York still enchants me, and each day I am plunged deeper into her enfevered existence. Already I have met with several little adventures.

At present, fortune smiles benignantly upon me. I am agreeably placed in Morton & Covington's new emporium of paint on lower Sixth Avenue. My salary is considerable, my fellow clerks are amiable and obliging, and I am entirely content. True, there are occasional unpleasantnesses, but these are of no importance. They do not disturb me, as I have reason to think myself a favorite.

My employer is kind—a man very beneficent, but a little of a martinet. In his establishment it is necessary always to be attentive. He prides himself upon the neatness of his clerks, their strict attention to

the affairs of the store, their courteous deference to customers. He believes himself to have the best regulated emporium in New York. Also, monsieur is brusque, but to please him one has only to be observant.

To-day it is already August. From where I sit behind my desk of cashier, I can see the patches of sun that lie along the threshold of the store with all the languor of afternoon. Outside, the listless hush of four o'clock spreads itself over the burning pavements. Even the little children do not pass and re-pass any longer, and only the distant drone of a hurdy-gurdy penetrates the stillness. The Elevated thunders suddenly overhead, and a heavy dray clatters over the rough blocks of the paving. Then all is again a heated oppression. It is the hour when one does not do much business here in New York.

I withdraw my gaze from the street and look about me with satisfaction. Beneath the arch of the ceiling, electric fans whirl energetically, rendering the air of an agreeable coolness, and the shadowed interior of the store is quiet and without excitement. Neat rows of tins, diversified with colored labels, line the shelves on all sides, and little kegs of varnish are heaped beside the tall

machine of artistic metal and a dial face in which one puts the penny and ascertains one's true weight. I am surrounded by an atmosphere of lacquer, of enamel, of paint, of multicolored tints. All is riotous color, the very walls themselves seemingly tapestried with advertisements of surprising hues, red, blue, green, purple: "Old Dutch Lacquer," "Parker's Perfect Paint," "Hurlinson's Enamel, We Use No Other in the Home."

On the post beside my desk is hung a superb lithograph. It represents a young girl, very pretty and adorable. This one is also a blonde, with eyes of an animated blue, and a magnificent color. Between her parted lips one sees the little teeth like pearls. She is décolletée, and her shoulders lift themselves above her dress with a luster of tinted ivory. She extends in one hand a tin of "Herrick's Varnish," and is inscribed, "One Fair Trial, And You Will Become a Satisfied User."

I gaze upon her with adoration, believing myself to see in her the countenance of my ideal. And always she looks at me, smiling.

I am alone, except for Henry, the errand-boy. This is not customary, but to-day our employer is away on a matter of importance which will detain him until after the store is closed. About two o'clock my confrères become restless. Peterson is stricken with an unaccountable illness, and is obliged to absent himself. McDermott also fancies himself seized with appendicitis, and goes to consult a physician.

"Jean Baptiste," he says, "Jean Baptiste, just keep an eye on the store while I'm gone, will you? There'll be nobody in, but I mayn't be back for some time in case the pain becomes serious. And there's no occasion to mention it to the old man tomorrow. It might alarm him."

I assent, but I am not deceived. McDermott has a girl, and he will take her to Coney Island for the afternoon. It will be delightful down there, and monsieur is safe

not to return until the morning. And then, too, there is the adorable blonde of the confectionery-shop.

I consider the suggestion, but no, I am Jean Baptiste, and I will never betray a trust confided by my employer. Also, it will be wise to keep an eye upon Henry. There is a baseball game this afternoon, and I am already conscious of his efforts to quit the store without observation.

We endure a long pause of inaction, during which I regard the countenance of my ideal with rapture, and Henry approaches himself nearer and nearer to the door. Then the entrance is suddenly darkened, and a customer enters in considerable agitation. She declares herself waiting since ten o'clock this morning for the arrival of a tin of enamel which was promised to her for yesterday, and she comes to demand an explanation.

Henry addresses her courteously, signifying himself ready to inquire into the negligence, and, in order to investigate, withdraws himself to the rear of the store while I regard madame with a casual interest. She is not beautiful, this lady, but is of middle age, large, ruddy, and of an amazing expansiveness. One observes at once that she is German, and, though not of the upper world, is ostensibly a woman of substance. Also one sees that at her house all is admirably regulated. She wears a

purple dress with astonishing spots, and of a style a little antiquated, and a black bonnet that nods with purple flowers.

An inimical eye gazes out from behind the skirts of madame, and I am suddenly conscious that a great dog on a leash accompanies her. Oh, he is ferocious, that animal, and of a surprising ugliness! Also it would be possible to dream about those relentless teeth, long and of so glaring a whiteness, that menacing jaw, that gaze so omnipresent and wicked. He is indeed a true nightmare, that dog!

"Ach, mein lieber," says madame, bending above the animal, "do not be afraid.



A YOUNG GIRL, VERY PRETTY AND ADORABLE



McDERMOTT ALSO FANCIES HIMSELF SEIZED
WITH APPENDICITIS

The kind gentleman will not hurt thee. Be still, *mein Engel*."

Me, I do not think that the kind gentleman desires to annoy the angel dog at all. The kind monsieur prefers to remain in perfect amity, and at a complete distance. He is young, and he has at present no desire for sudden and frightful death.

Jerry, Henry's confrère, returning from an errand, enters the store hurriedly, but precipitates himself behind the counter, on beholding the animal. The dog growls, in showing his teeth. Evidently young boys do not please him, but then perhaps the period of his youth has not been an entirely happy one.

Presently Henry reappears, flushed and apologetic. He is entirely desolated, but he has been unable to trace the order of madame. The regular clerk is not at present in the shop, but he will be interrogated concerning it upon the instant of his return. Madame has only to wait until to-morrow, and all will be arranged satisfactorily.

However, this does not content madame at all. She is angry, and she expostulates. She has lost an entire day in waiting, and it is not her purpose to quit the store without satisfactory assurance that the stuff will be sent to her immediately. And it is an order for a brand which we do not keep in the

store! It is tremendously important to madame that she should have it at once, and it is preposterous that she should be made to wait. It is necessary that Henry should look again.

"Jerry," says Henry, "maybe you can find that enamel for th' lady. I've just been lookin' in th' back of the shop, and 't isn't there. Wonder if Mr. Peterson hasn't put it down in th' cellar?"

"I'll look and see," says Jerry, entirely willing to oblige, and he descends into the recesses below with an impetuous rapidity.

The enormous beast presses closer to his mistress, beating violently with the tail.

"Fine dog you've got there, ma'am," says Henry, with politeness, and observing him with care.

Madame is pleased. She smiles, nodding the head. "Yes, yes, he is a goot dog, a fery goot dog, but he does not luf the leetle cats. He has killed a great

many, yes, a fery great many. And there was a burglar once. They took him to the jail in many pieces, and the judge has given him seven years in the hospital. Yes, a fery goot dog."

I decide that I will never burgle—at least, not while there is a possibility of meeting an animal like that. A thousand thunders, but I would not have liked to be that man! I determine always to be virtuous.

"Ach," continues madame, with complacency, "but he has a so beautiful disposition, my Bismarck—so gentle, so affectionate, a heart mit a so great devotion filled! I luf him like a son. Is he not indeed magnificent, *mein Junge*?"

Henry assents, but we are here interrupted by the return of Jerry, who comes to report a lack of success in his search. He has diligently investigated into every nook and corner, but has been unable to discover the slightest trace of "Presbury's Enamel." Will madame not be satisfied to wait, or else allow us to supply her with a different brand?

Madame is again disturbed. The purple flowers on her bonnet agitate themselves, and she gesticulates in extreme irritation. It is monstrous, unheard-of! The tin must be found, and immediately, or she will withdraw her custom from the firm, never to restore it! The unfortunate Henry, in de-

spair, endeavors to appease her, but discovers it useless, and, as a last hope, addresses himself to me.

"Jean Baptiste," he says, "Jean Baptiste, do you know anything about that enamel?"

I do not. My business does not concern itself with paint. I am here only to keep the books. However, a lady is in distress, and I will endeavor to do my best to assist her. I step forward, in bowing, and assure her of my willingness to search.

"Madame," I say, with the most profound courteousness, "I will attempt to do my utmost to discover for you the vanished article. I am entirely desolated at the inconvenience to which you have been put, and make my most humble apologies. I go now to undertake a most penetrating investigation."

Again I bow, and the countenance of madame is irradiated with approval. I turn toward the entrance of the cellar, the head high and believing myself to have made a most agreeable impression, when, alas, what a misfortune! All undiscovered, the dog has left the side of his mistress, and, in turning, I tread unexpectedly upon the tail of the animal!

Figure to yourself the confusion! The brute, emitting a cry of the greatest acuteness, endeavors to hurl himself upon me, and would have destroyed me immediately had it not been for the efforts of madame. This latter is only able to restrain him with

the greatest possible difficulty, he tugging at the end of his leash, the teeth bared, the eyes glaring and terrible. Madame threatens, entreats him in terms of endearment, but is entirely unable to render him calm.

Overcome by the enormity of my mistake, I withdraw myself from danger with the utmost abruptness. I am shaken with the violence of the surprise, and, imploring a thousand pardons, I accelerate my steps in the direction of the cellar.

I descend a long spiral of darkened steps and believe myself safe. I look around me, finding myself in an unfamiliar region of casks, boxes, tubs, gigantic barrels. Everything about me appears to loom in strange and unreal proportions. I am surrounded by a somber twilight, with only a pale star of radiance to mark the open door above me. Irresolutely I pause, at a loss how best to set about my task.

All at once a fearful shriek reaches me, the cry of a woman, terrified and despairing. I turn with celerity, casting my eyes up the stairway down which I have made my approach. What I behold fills me with the most vivid emotion. I grow giddy with horror, I reel. A thousand devils, but I see that dog descending at the grand gallop, the mouth gaping, and a broken leash streaming in the air behind him! He has come to destroy me!

I do not pause to consider, I have no time in which to make a farewell. For one swift instant I cast a desperate eye around me. A

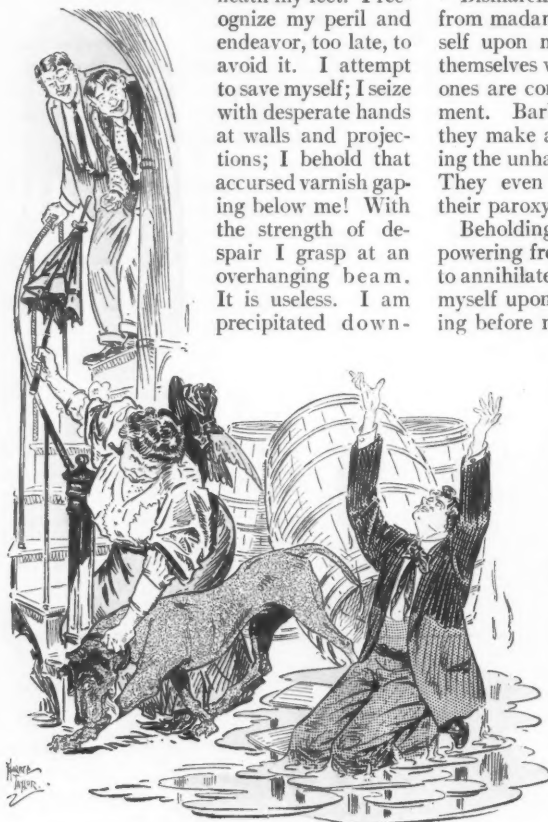


I TREAD UNEXPECTEDLY UPON THE TAIL OF THE ANIMAL

heap of gigantic barrels invites me, and I am suddenly upon the topmost, with an agility of which I had not believed myself capable. I hold myself upon my insecure refuge with the greatest desperateness. I am horrified, while the infuriated animal rages below me.

Far above, the star of light is suddenly blurred by the shadows of my rescuers. Jerry, Henry, and madame hasten to descend, madame in the greatest agitation, the gamins not entirely uninfluenced by mirth. I find their hilarity inappropriate. To me, the situation is one of the gravest terror. I behold myself suspended above the very jaws of death.

Suddenly I discover myself menaced by a new danger. The head of the barrel upon which I stand begins slowly to yield beneath my feet. I recognize my peril and endeavor, too late, to avoid it. I attempt to save myself; I seize with desperate hands at walls and projections; I behold that accursed varnish gaping below me! With the strength of despair I grasp at an overhanging beam. It is useless. I am precipitated down-



BEFORE MY VERY EYES THEY MAKE A MOCK OF
MY MISFORTUNE

ward, and am immersed, almost to the neck, in the abominable liquid.

That which follows is heart-rending. Madame seizes upon Bismarck and reduces him to submission, but my misadventure is only at a beginning. I attempt to free myself from my monstrous predicament, I struggle, I combat it with violence. Alas, what an unhappiness! I only succeed in subjecting myself to more humiliating disasters. My efforts have disturbed the equilibrium of the barrel in which I am confined, and a last struggle dislodges it totally from its resting-place. I roll, I am whirled downward, striking with a sickening crash on the flooring of adamant. Unhappy one, it only remains to me to pick myself up from the ruins, utterly overwhelmed by varnish and humiliation!

Bismarck attempts to wrench himself from madame that he may precipitate himself upon me, while the gamins suffocate themselves with laughter. Those miserable ones are convulsed with an extreme merriment. Barbarians! Before my very eyes they make a mock of my misfortune, turning the unhappiness of my plight to ridicule. They even ejaculate rudenesses between their paroxysms of hilarity.

Beholding them, I am seized by an overpowering frenzy; I have suddenly the wish to annihilate them. On the moment, I fling myself upon them, but they elude me, fleeing before me, in giving utterance to shrill cries of delight and fear. I pursue them with vehemence as they dart up the stairway. I desire their blood. We storm upward, and burst into the store with the rapidity of a tornado.

At the same instant, my employer enters unexpectedly from the street, with several friends to whom he wishes to demonstrate his model establishment, and the perfection of his office force!

The scene is frightful. Monsieur, purple with rage, the eyes starting from his head, demands an explanation of this astounding occurrence. We attempt to oblige him in a single breath, all clamoring together. Monsieur listens, his anger increasing to a point



IT IS UPON ME, ALAS! THAT HIS EYE IS CONCENTRATED

of danger, but it is upon me, alas! that his eye is concentrated. And then suddenly madame emerges from the cellar, dragging with her, by the collar, the monstrous Bismarck.

It is the last straw. The displeasure of monsieur reaches its fever-heat, and the tempest of his wrath is launched upon us. Never before in my whole existence have I been permitted to listen to such eloquence. Monsieur rages, he storms, he annihilates us with his irony and consumes us with his disapprobation. We are left without character and without hereafter. We behold ourselves sketched out in the most lurid colors; we are depicted fallen into depths

of iniquity whose blackness the most lively imagination might fail to realize, until finally, pausing for breath, he leaves us cowering, both speechless and appalled.

"A pack of thieves, the whole lot of you!" shouts monsieur. "Consider yourselves no longer in my employment!"

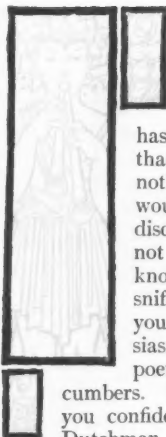
The terrible words strike irrevocably upon my ear, overwhelming me with the most vivid despair. I start forward, intending to implore his mercy. I attempt to expostulate, to entreat for pardon. It is useless. The mind of monsieur is entirely made up; and, dripping with varnish, I can only stand before my employer, confounded and discharged.



Theatergoing in Holland

SOME EXPERIENCES THAT SEEMED STRANGE TO AN AMERICAN PLAYGOER. THE THEATER IN HOLLAND IS NOT VITAL, BUT THE COUNTRY IS SURELY THE MECCA OF THE ADVERTISER

By Alan Dale



A VISIT to Holland with nothing but the theaters in view has all the exuberant satire that a trip to New Jersey with nothing but art as its object would possess. You do not discover this gradually; it does not dawn upon you. You know it instinctively when you sniff the Zuyder Zee, when you inhale the Dutch enthusiasm for cheese, Schiedam, poetic herrings, and warty cucumbers. You are certain of it when you confide your dear schemes to a Dutchman, and watch his smile of sublime pity blended with acute surprise. This daunts you, of course, though it did not daunt me. I am used to theatering under every conceivable difficulty. Difficulties are not lacking even in the theatrical Mecca of New York city.

However, I found it all most amusing, and the more I plunged the funnier it grew. At times it seemed like the very invigoration of pure burlesque. For instance, when I got to Amsterdam I saw billed at the stately and imposing Stadsschouwburg—the “show” theater of Holland—a play entitled “Weerloos.” Being naturally ingenuous, I jumped to the fond conclusion that I had struck it rich, and had, at the first fell swoop, unearthed a treasure. Alas! “Weerloos” proved to be a translation of Henry Bataille’s latest play in Paris, “La Femme Nue.” Thereupon I entered upon a fendish hunt for this play in its original garb, as I felt that if I saw it in Dutch for the first time I might betray unseemly ignorance.

Nowhere in Amsterdam could the play be bought. Discouragement ogled me, but I

am not easily downed. Visit Holland’s first theater I most assuredly would, and hang the expense! After two days of wire-pulling, clandestine colloquies, telephonic communication, and just a dash of mendacity, I secured the original of “La Femme Nue,” and read French to see my first Dutch play. At the Grand Theater in Amsterdam, Holland’s famous actor, Bouwmeester, was marvelously advertised as “presenting” two plays called “De Klauw” and “Samson.” These I soon placed as “La Griffie” and “Samson,” by Henry Bernstein of Paris, author of “The Thief.” To add to the motley complexion of Dutch affairs, “The Thief” was also offered under the alluring title of “De Diep.”

To come to Holland and discover that all Dutch plays were French was not the only sip of disenchantment that I took. At the Rembrandt Theater, right in Amsterdam’s Longacre Square—the Rembrandt Plein—what should I dig up but Bernard Shaw and “Candida,” produced by the Dutchest traveling company they own here—the Hagespelers? This was a bitter blow. Bernard Shaw, in English, seems to me to be pretty much on the wane. To get the moribund “Candida”—which, like the oyster, is nice only when fresh—served up in Dutch by the Hagespelers was simply cruel. To realize thoroughly how hopeless Shaw is as a dramatic proposition, I recommend my experience in Amsterdam. Sitting through “Candida” in Dutch was the very abomination of desolation. How much of it *did* I sit through? Never mind. Ask me no indiscreet questions. Tempt me not to lie.

As another delightful Dutch attraction there was my old friend, my most un-Dutch old friend, Coquelin, doing a “grand tour” in “L’Affaire des Poisons,” by Sardou, and the threadbare “Cyrano de Bergerac.” All

the élite of The Hague and Amsterdam flocked to see this wonderful attraction. It was circused through the streets as the event of the season. I did not tackle it. That would have been like rubbing in the disconsolate situation.

A bright idea seized me. I get them occasionally in moments of flagging spirits. This idea seemed to be more than bright. It was nothing less than the purchase of as many photographs of pretty Dutch actresses as money would secure. I have never yet struck a country in which pretty actresses were not to be bought—in photo, I mean, of course. What could be more charming than a series of picture post-cards of Dutch beauties? What easier way of securing an introduction to the feminine charms of Holland's stage?

Unaided, I made a tour of Amsterdam's most swagger shops, determined to look well before I leaped. And what do you think I found? Beauties? Well yes, I *did* find beauties. Staring at me, in guileless pose, I noted the undying loveliness of an actress known as Maxine Elliott, the smile of a very pretty girl labeled Madge Lessing, the pellucid blue eyes of Minnie Ashley in a frame, and the autumnal charms of Lillian Russell! A convulsive sob almost choked me. At first, a devilish impulse to buy these pictures, label them with atrocious Dutch names, and insist that they were the reigning beauties of Holland seized and held me. It was a horrid complication. It seemed dreadful that in Queen Wilhelmina's country they couldn't display just a sprinkling of Dutch beauties.

For the first time in my life I scowled at Maxine Elliott's lovely face, turned away in disgust from Madge Lessing's smile, refused a second glance at Minnie Ashley in her frame, and muttered something unfit for publication which I sincerely hope that Lillian Russell's picture did not understand—the picture being in a Dutch shop.

Playing the rôle of the Princesse de Chabran in "La Femme Nue," I saw a very fine actress—perhaps the best in Holland, Madame Mann-Bouwmeester, the sister of the famous "star" to whom I have before alluded. Madame Bouwmeester was by no means a beauty, but she played this difficult and most unpleasant rôle delightfully. She was exquisitely and artistically dressed. She had a figure that was a wonder, and it *seemed* natural. At least I could buy Madame

Bouwmeester's picture as a souvenir of Amsterdam.

I tried it. The girl in the store, who spoke the most deliciously broken English I have ever heard—and it was a brand-new dialect for me—refused pointblank to sell one of the lady's photographs.

"I haf not her autorisation," she said. "You shall not haf it. Why do you want it? Madame Mann-Bouwmeester is sixty. Yass, sir, she is sixty. She does not care to pose. Dutch actresses are too busy. They are always acting. Why should they sit for their pictures?"

"But may I not buy this one? It is here for sale."

"You shall not haf it," she said, with a perfectly sweet smile. "It is a proof. I will, if you desire it, write to Madame Bouwmeester and ask her. If you come back in two weeks I shall know her wishes. Then, if she says so, you shall haf it. To-day you shall not haf it. Moreover, she is sixty. She does not look it? No. That is her art."

The actresses I saw in Holland, with the exception of Madame Mann-Bouwmeester, were all mediocre, provincial, and most unattractive to look at. None of the arts that are practised on the American and English stages were used by them. Even their pictures could not be bought. They were unpublished in any Dutch magazine, and perhaps the ladies were right, after all. Possibly the idea that they were too busy to be photographed is as good an idea as any other. Just the same, I could not repress my disappointment. While it is stupid, unreasonable, and even inane to harp too acutely on the physical characteristics of any actress, just the same a pretty face in any country is some sort of a consolation. Nor does it hurt the drama. The power of feminine beauty is not to be overlooked. A series of dramatic frumps may be dignified, but it is not interesting.

Bouwmeester is the one theater-name that seems alive in Holland. You find yourself perpetually Bouwmeestering. I saw four of that name: Louis the famous in "La Griffe"; a younger one in the same play; Madame Mann-Bouwmeester in "La Femme Nue"; and Adolf, a nephew, who is billed as the "eighteen-year-old child wonder," as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," or, as they call it here, "De Koopman van Venetië." There is another big actor

called De Vries (not the De Vries we saw in New York in "A Case of Arson"), who plays the star part in "The Thief"—which is for the masculine star here as it turned out to be in New York—and who is known as an imitator of Bouwmeester.

The theater in Holland is not vital. It is not part of the country's life. It is rather sad and depressing. The houses are dull and gloomy and ugly and barren, with the exception of the Stadsschouwburg in Amsterdam. That looks as though it were trying to be something—making a bluff at it—and not succeeding to any very appreciable extent. It is lofty and cold, and it has a few ornamental devices in its lobby. The theater of the same name at The Hague is a mausoleum. You shiver as you sit there, and you are appalled at the squalor and unloveliness. It is an ordeal to visit this Royal Theater at The Hague.

But they are all marvelously free and easy. Theatergoing costs little, and amounts to less. You can sit all evening in your hat, if you feel like it. You can go in evening dress, or you can go in overalls, and nobody will care a hang. At the Grand Theater, where I saw Bouwmeester in "La Griffe," the people in the orchestra seats were plied with beer between the acts. An officious waiter, officious and ubiquitous, passed along dispensing beer to the thirsty Dutchmen, who drank it, and then handed the silver equivalent into the solicitous hand. Sweet Dutch ingénues sipping beer between the acts looked very pretty.

Being somewhat cosmopolitan, I like things that are persistently different. Some travelers think everything rank that is unlike what they get at home. I don't. Though the spectacle of "matinee girls" sitting in their orchestra stalls quaffing beer between the acts is a bit alarming to a New Yorker, it appealed to me as somewhat picturesque. It was a change from caramels and lollypops. I don't say I should care to see it in New York. In Holland it seemed relevant, and at this time of writing I am in Holland.

The intervals are always inor-

dinately long—some of them last for half an hour. These intervals are always managerially useless. Each theater has a thoroughly equipped café to which the audience adjourns. The people sit at tables and spend as much or more for drinks than they paid for their tickets. Those who decline to go to the café are tortured cruelly as they sit in their seats. A white curtain descends over the hideous tawdry curtain that has fallen upon the play, and cinematographic advertisements are flashed upon it with virulence and oppressive fervor. It is dreadful. The most odious pictures of "commodities" are biographed. Every household need is advertised, and while all this goes on the orchestra plays semiclassical music. I heard "Tannhäuser" played as an accompaniment to some ads of biscuits, cheese, cucumbers, mineral waters, and hotel accommodations. All threads of the play are hopelessly lost in the struggle. When the curtain rises again you are in a befuddled state of bewilderment—torn mid conflicting emotions of beer and advertisements.

Let me say right here that anybody who sets U. S. A. down as the Mecca of advertising lies. Holland takes the palm. The very devilry of sheer and loathsome advertisement disfigures everything in Dutchland—not only in its theaters, but in its other pursuits and enjoyments. Outside the opera house in Amsterdam, lifted high in the air on the very top of the huge and straggling structure, is an immense revolving electric sign. The name of the opera house is not to be found anywhere. You hunt with difficulty for the tiny bills announcing the title of the attraction. But the immense revolving electric sign is visible half a mile away, and is the advertisement of a brand of tea. Picture such a device on the top of the Metropolitan or the Manhattan Opera House! We are bad enough in New York, though our electric advertisements do beautify the Great White Way, but we cannot compare with Holland. There advertising is an obsession. It is nearly a theater in itself—a theater of horrors.



OLIVE WYNDHAM AS ETHEL GRANGER-SIMPSON, AND SCENE FROM "THE MAN FROM HOME," BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON



MABEL TALIAFERRO, WHO HAS BEEN STARRING IN MARGARET MAYO'S SUCCESSFUL
PLAY, "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"



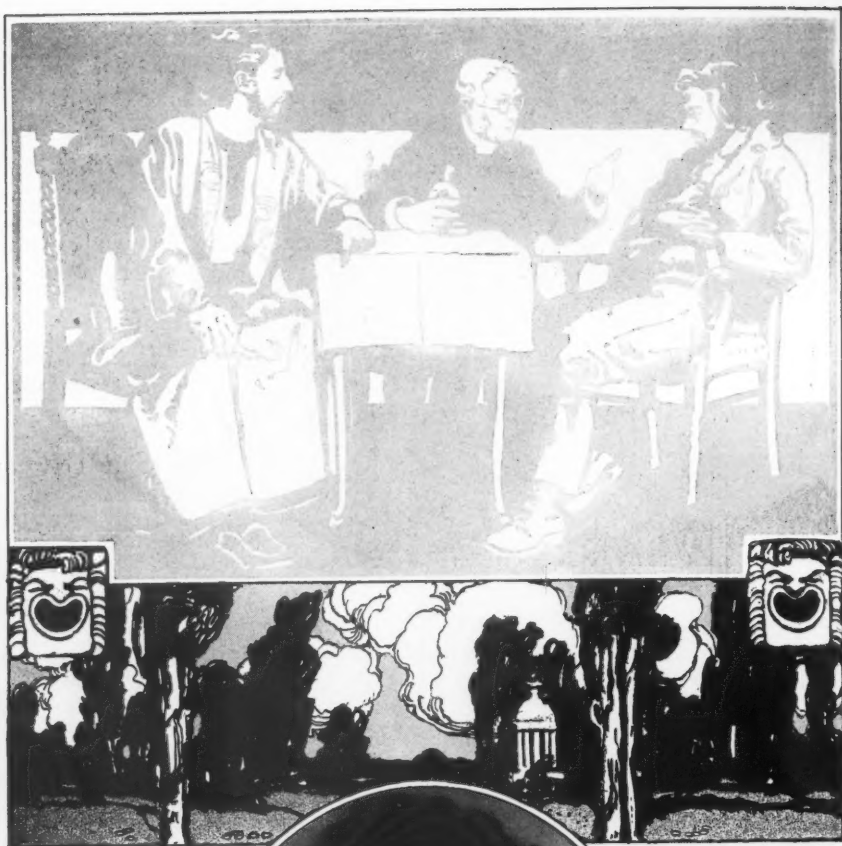
HATTIE WILLIAMS, WHO IS PLAYING HER THIRD SEASON IN THE POPULAR
MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE LITTLE CHERUB"



IDA CONQUEST, WHO PLAYS THE ONLY FEMININE RÔLE IN EUGENE WALTER'S
LATEST PLAY, "THE WOLF"

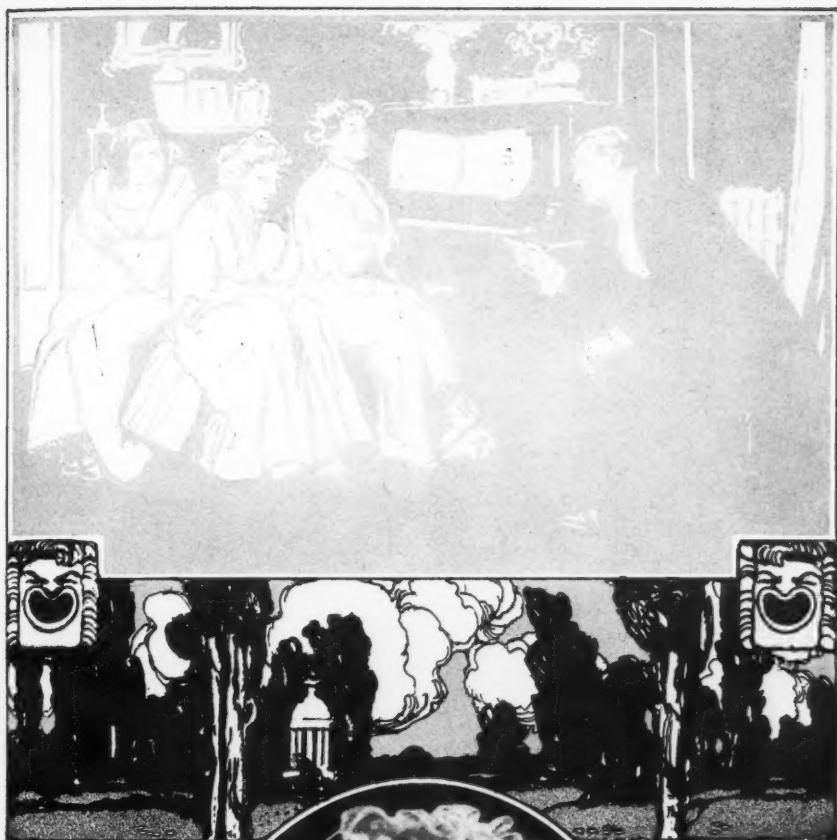


VIOLET MESEREAU AND SCENE FROM "THE CLANSMAN," WHICH WILL SHORTLY
BE PRODUCED ON THE PACIFIC COAST

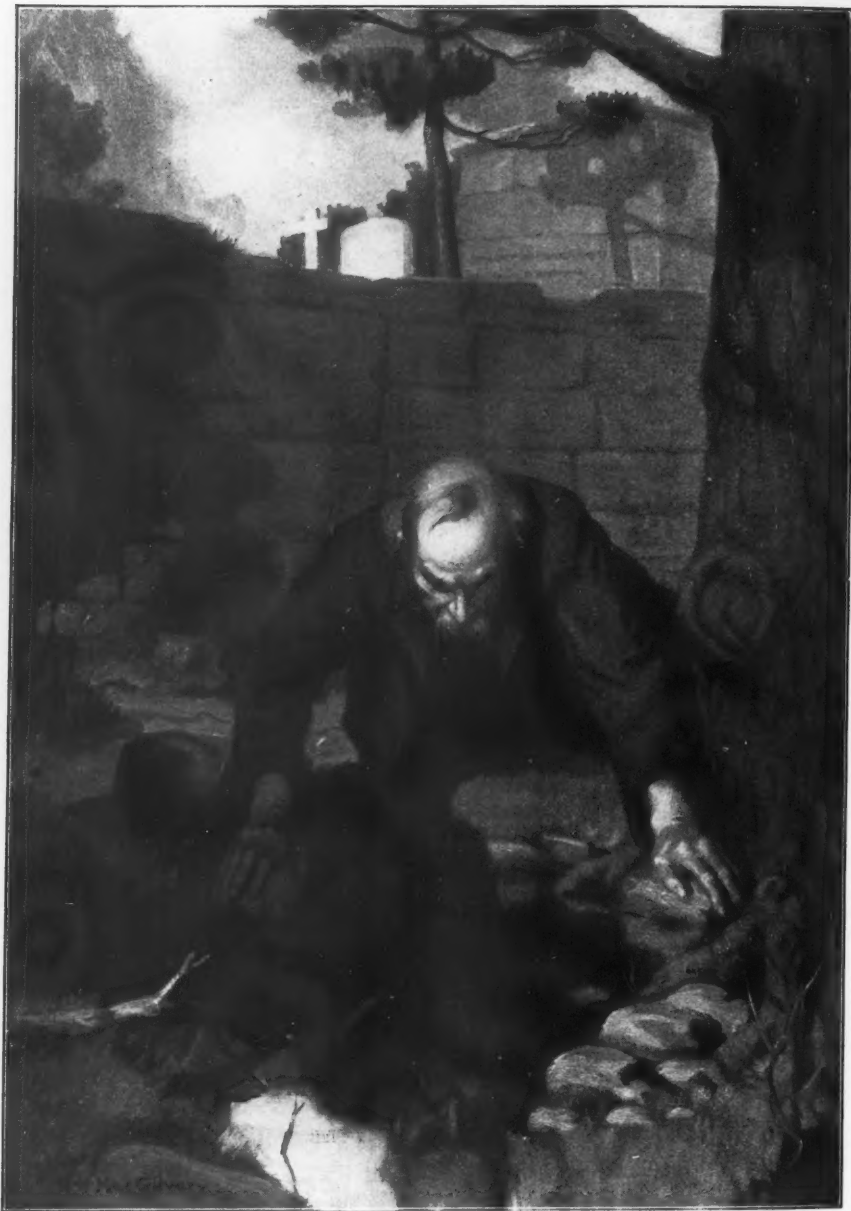


Photograph by Alice Boughton

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, IN THE LEADING FEMININE RÔLE, AND SCENE FROM CHARLES RANN KENNEDY'S POWERFUL DRAMA, "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"



LAURA NELSON HALL, WHO PLAYS THE RÔLE OF PAMELA GORDON, AND SCENE FROM
CLYDE FITCH'S DELIGHTFUL COMEDY, "GIRLS"



HE THRUST FORWARD HIS HEAD AND SAW THE REFLECTION OF HIS
FACE, AS IN A MIRROR

("The Man")



The Man

By Ambrose Bierce

Illustrated by N. H. MAC GILVARY

I.—THE REVIEW AS A FORM OF WELCOME



ONE summer night a man stood on a low hill overlooking a considerable expanse of forest and field. By the full moon hanging low in the west he knew what he might not have known otherwise: that it was near the hour of dawn. A light mist lay along the earth, partly veiling the lower features of the landscape, but above it the taller trees showed in well-defined masses against a clear sky. Two or three farmhouses were visible through the haze, but in none of them, naturally, was a light. Nowhere, indeed, was any sign or suggestion of life except the barking of a distant dog, which, repeated with mechanical iteration, served rather to accentuate than dispel the loneliness of the scene.

The man looked curiously about him on all sides, as one who among familiar surroundings is unable to determine his exact place and part in the scheme of things. It is so, perhaps, that we shall act when, risen from the dead, we await the call to judgment.

A hundred yards away was a straight road, gleaming white in the moonlight. Endeavoring to orient himself, as a surveyor or navigator might say, the man moved his eyes slowly along its visible length and, at a distance of a quarter-mile to the south of his station, saw, dim and gray in the haze, a group of horsemen riding to the north. Behind them were men afoot, marching in column, with gleaming rifle-barrels aslant above their shoulders. They moved slowly and in silence. Another group of horsemen, another regiment of infantry, another and another—all in unceasing motion toward the

man's point of view, past it, and beyond. A battery of artillery followed, the cannoneers riding with folded arms on limber and caisson. And still the interminable procession came out of the obscurity to south and passed into the obscurity to north, with never a sound of voice, or hoof, or wheel.

The man could not rightly understand: he thought himself deaf, said so, and heard his own voice, although it had an unfamiliar quality that almost alarmed him; it disappointed his ear's expectancy in the matter of timbre—of resonance. But he was not deaf, and that for the moment sufficed.

Then he remembered that there are natural phenomena to which some one has given the name "acoustic shadows." If you stand in an acoustic shadow there is one direction from which you will hear nothing. At the battle of Gaines's Mill, one of the fiercest conflicts of the Civil War, with a hundred guns in play, spectators a mile and a half away on the opposite side of the Chickahominy Valley heard nothing of what they saw. The bombardment of Port Royal, heard and felt at St. Augustine, one hundred and fifty miles to the south, was inaudible two miles to the north in a still atmosphere. A few days before the surrender at Appomattox a thunderous engagement between the commands of Sheridan and Pickett was unknown to the latter commander a mile in the rear of his own line.

These instances were unknown to the man of whom we write, but less striking ones of the same character had not escaped his observation. He was profoundly disquieted, but for another reason than the uncanny silence of that moonlight march.

"Good Lord!" he said to himself—and again it was as if another had spoken his thought—"if those people are what I take

them to be we have lost the battle and they are moving on Nashville!"

Then came a thought of self—an apprehension—a strong sense of personal peril, such as in another we call fear. He stepped quickly into the shadow of a tree. And still the silent battalions moved slowly forward in the haze.

The chill of a sudden breeze upon the back of his neck drew his attention to the quarter whence it came, and turning to the east he saw a faint gray light along the horizon—the first sign of returning day. This increased his apprehension.

"I must get away from here," he thought, "or I shall be discovered and taken."

He moved out of the shadow, walking rapidly toward the graying east. From the safer seclusion of a clump of cedars he looked back. The entire column had passed out of sight: the straight white road lay bare and desolate in the moonlight!

Puzzled before, he was now inexpressibly astonished. So swift a passing of so slow an army!—he could not understand it. Minute after minute passed unnoted; he had lost his sense of time. He sought with a terrible earnestness a solution of the mystery, but sought in vain. When at last he roused himself from his abstraction the sun's rim was visible above the hills, but in the new conditions he found no other light than that of day; his understanding was involved as darkly in doubt as before.

On every side lay cultivated fields showing no sign of war and war's ravages. From the chimneys of the farmhouses thin ascensions of blue smoke signaled preparations for a day's peaceful toil. Having stilled its immemorial allocution to the moon, the watch-dog was assisting a negro who, prefixing a team of mules to the plow, was flattening and sharpening contentedly at his task. The hero of this tale stared stupidly at the pastoral picture as if he had never seen such a thing in all his life; then he put his hand to his head, passed it through his hair and, withdrawing it, attentively considered the palm—a singular thing to do. Apparently reassured by the act, he walked confidently toward the road.

II.—WHEN YOU HAVE LOST YOUR LIFE CONSULT A PHYSICIAN

Dr. Stilling Malson, of Murfreesboro, having visited a patient six or seven miles

away, on the Nashville road, had remained with him all night. At daybreak he set out for home on horseback, as is the custom of doctors of the time and region. He had passed the national cemetery on the Stone River battlefield when a man approached him from the roadside and saluted in the military fashion, with a movement of the right hand to the hat-brim. But the hat was not a military hat, the man was not in uniform and had not a martial bearing. The doctor nodded civilly, half-thinking that the stranger's uncommon greeting was perhaps in deference to the historic surroundings; and as the stranger evidently desired speech with him he courteously reined in his horse and waited.

"Sir," said the stranger, "although a civilian, you are perhaps an enemy."

"I am a physician," was the non-committal reply.

"Thank you," said the other. "I am Lieutenant Bannister, of the staff of General Hazen." He paused a moment and looked sharply at the person whom he was addressing, then added, "Of the Federal army."

The physician merely nodded.

"Kindly tell me," continued the other, "what has happened here. Where are the armies? Which won the battle?"

The physician regarded his questioner curiously with half-shut eyes. After a professional scrutiny, prolonged to the limit of politeness, "Pardon me," he said; "one asking information should be willing to impart it. Are you wounded?"

"Not seriously—it seems."

The man removed the unmilitary hat, put his hand to his head, passed it through his hair and, withdrawing it, attentively considered the palm.

"I was struck by a bullet and have been unconscious. It must have been a light, glancing blow: I find no blood and feel no pain. I will not trouble you for treatment, but will you kindly direct me to my command—to any part of the Federal army—if you know?"

Again the doctor did not immediately reply: he was recalling much that is recorded in the books of his profession—something about lost identity and the effect of familiar scenes in restoring it. At length he looked the man in the face, smiled, and said,

"Lieutenant, you are not wearing the uniform of your rank and service."

At this the man glanced down at his civilian attire, lifted his eyes, and said with hesitation:

"That is true. I—I don't quite understand."

Still regarding him sharply but not unsympathetically, the man of science bluntly inquired,

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three—if that has anything to do with it."

"You don't look it; I should hardly have guessed you to be just that."

The man was growing impatient. "We need not discuss that," he said; "I want to know about the army. Not two hours ago I saw a column of troops moving northward on this road. You must have met them. Be good enough to tell me the color of their clothing, which I was unable to make out, and I'll trouble you no more."

"You are quite sure that you saw them?"

"Sure? My God, sir, I could have counted them!"

"Why, really," said the physician, with an amusing consciousness of his own resemblance to the loquacious barber of the Arabian Nights, "this is very interesting. I met no troops."

The man looked at him coldly, as if he had himself observed the likeness to the barber. "It is plain," he said, "that you do not care to assist me. Sir, you may go to the devil!"

He turned and strode away, very much at random, across the dewy fields, his half-penitent tormentor quietly watching him from his point of vantage in the saddle till he disappeared beyond an array of trees.

III.—THE DANGER OF LOOKING INTO A POOL OF WATER

After leaving the road the man slackened his pace, and now went forward, rather deviously, with a distinct feeling of fatigue. He could not account for this, though truly the interminable loquacity of that country doctor offered itself in explanation. Seating himself upon a rock, he laid one hand upon

his knee, back upward, and casually looked at it. It was lean and withered. He lifted both hands to his face. It was seamed and furrowed; he could trace the lines with the tips of his fingers. How strange!—a mere bullet-stroke and a brief unconsciousness do not make one a physical wreck.

"I must have been a long time in hospital," he said aloud. "Why, what a fool I am! The battle was in December, and it is now summer!" He laughed. "No wonder that fellow thought me an escaped lunatic. He was wrong: I am only an escaped patient."

At a little distance a small plot of ground enclosed by a wall caught his attention. With no very definite intent he rose and went to it. In the center was a square, solid monument of hewn stone. It was brown with age, weather-worn at the angles, spotted with moss and lichen. Between the massive blocks were strips of grass, the leverage of whose roots had pushed them apart. In answer to the challenge of this ambitious structure Time had laid his destroying hand upon it and it would soon be "one with Nineveh and Tyre." In an inscription on one side his eye caught a familiar name. Shaking with excitement, he craned his body across the wall and read:

HAZEN'S BRIGADE
to
The Memory of Its Soldiers
who fell at
Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862.

The man fell back from the wall, faint and sick. Almost within an arm's length was a little depression in the earth; it had been filled by a recent rain—a pool of clear water. He crept to it to revive himself, lifted the upper part of his body on his trembling arms, thrust forward his head and saw the reflection of his face, as in a mirror. He uttered a terrible cry. His arms gave way; he fell, face downward, into the pool.

And within that hospitable wall, among the comrades of his youth, he sleeps no less soundly than they.





What is Osteopathy?

INTERESTING STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW SYSTEM OF TREATING DISEASE AND AN EXPLANATION OF ITS PRINCIPLES. WHAT OSTEOPATHY CAN AND DOES ACCOMPLISH

By Belle Case Harrington



FIFTEEN years ago there was but one osteopath in the world. That one man was teaching his first class of a dozen students, who had gathered from the various parts of the country importuning him to expound to them his new science. The classes were held in a rickety three-room building in Kirksville, Missouri, with sufficient furniture to supply only one room at a time, and nothing whatever in the way of scholastic equipment. As far as financial endowment was concerned, a few hundred dollars would probably have covered all of Dr. A. T. Still's worldly possessions, and as for influential friends, he had absolutely none.

To-day there are eight well-equipped colleges of osteopathy in the United States, and their graduates receive legal recognition, either by direct legislation or by judicial decision, in over thirty states of the Union. More than five thousand osteopathic physicians are now practising in the United States, Canada, Cuba, the Philippines, England, Ireland, and other parts of the Continent. Osteopaths are employed as examining physicians by more than one hundred insurance companies, and many street-railway and other corporations in large cities rely upon the judgment of their osteopathic advisers in the settlement of personal-injury cases.

Theodore P. Shonts, when chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, took an

osteopathic physician with him to the canal zone; C. Oliver Iselin, of cup-defender fame, retains an osteopath regularly in his employ; Judge Springer, of Idaho, is one of the staunchest champions of the science; while many other of the country's prominent people are proud to testify to the efficacy of the drugless system of healing.

The story of the development of osteopathy is an interesting one. As far back as 1874 Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, who practised for a number of years as a regular physician, and later served as a surgeon in the Civil War, began to reason that, since drugs were so uncertain and oftentimes unsatisfactory in their effect upon the human system, there must be some other means of keeping the body in proper working order. His convictions finally became so strong that he renounced the practice of medicine and began seeking for some method of keeping the body in perfect mechanical adjustment. He adopted as his working creed, "God has made man's body perfect; as long as the body is normal, health will reign."

As might have been expected, such radical views did not meet with popular favor. Dire poverty beset the doctor, and he was forced to resort to manual labor of the humblest kind in order to support his family, but still he did not abandon his quest. He realized that he must know perfectly, not only the bony framework of the body, but also the position and function of every ligament and every vein and nerve; he must also determine their relations to

every organ of the body before he could hope to formulate a remedial system which would stand the test of all the opposition which would be hurled against it. After exhaustive study he mastered the mechan-

and its effect in health and disease. Some points became clear to him, and he began to try his newly evolved theories upon the suffering poor or upon such of his friends as still held faith in him.



ANDREW TAYLOR STILL, FOUNDER OF OSTEOPATHY

Early in August an osteopathic convention will be held in Kirksville, Missouri, to celebrate Doctor Still's eightieth birthday

ical principles underlying the operation of every joint and the function of every organ. Then came the far more difficult work of studying the nerves and muscles, the vasomotors, the lymphatics, the blood

After a migratory life spent in different parts of Missouri and Kansas he brought his family to Kirksville, Missouri, early in the eighties. Soon after his arrival, the daughter of John McCaw became seriously

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ill with spinal meningitis. The best physicians of the vicinity were called, but all of them pronounced the case hopeless. As a last resort some one suggested sending for "that queer man Still, who doctors the bones." Doctor Still came, and remained with the patient until morning, by which time she was plainly better; he treated her daily for a week, when the girl was sufficiently recovered to be about the house. This cure led to Doctor Still's being called to treat a child desperately ill with the croup, though the parents were so afraid of social ostracism that they sent for him secretly. When he arrived he made what seemed to be a few swift passes of his hand over the throat of the suffocating infant and turning to the attendant said, "Put the child in bed with its mother."

No one could dispute such cures as these, but the method was beyond the comprehension of all, and the rumor soon spread that Doctor Still was a hypnotist and a clairvoyant. For years there were men and women in Kirksville who would not be seen walking down the street with him; even the banker who honored his checks and the grocer who accepted his money did not deem it wise to recognize him outside their places of business, and little children clung to their mother's skirts in fear as they passed "that crazy Still." Slowly, however, belief in his remarkable power spread; people came long distances to be cured of various ailments, and it became no unusual thing for the people of Kirksville to see strong men, as well as women and little children, embracing their benefactor as they departed for their homes cured of some terrible affliction.

After a time people came to Kirksville begging to be taught the new art of healing, and in 1892, although by that time kept busy with patients, Doctor Still consented to teach twelve or fourteen applicants who were particularly insistent. Realizing that his own time would be inadequate, he associated with him Dr. William Smith, a graduate of the leading medical school of Edinburgh, Scotland, as instructor in anatomy.

The school at Kirksville is known as the American School of Osteopathy, and is the oldest of the eight osteopathic colleges scattered through the United States. Doctor Still is the nominal president of the college, although his sons and the various members

of the faculty relieve him of the burden of the work. The "old doctor," as he is affectionately called, is now eighty years of age, but is as supple and active as a man of forty.

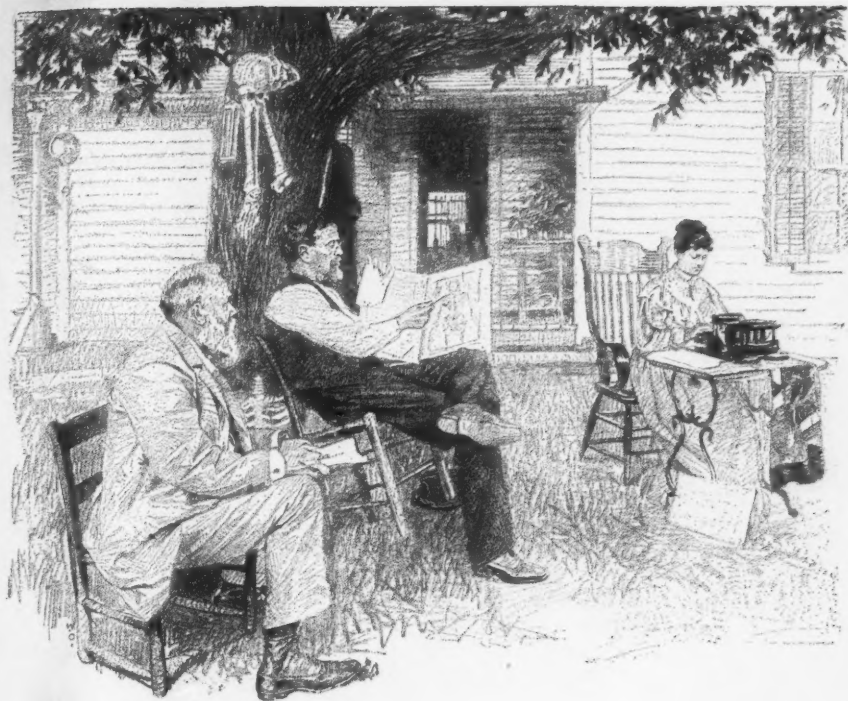
OSTEOPATHY DEFINED

The authorized definition of osteopathy is as follows, "Osteopathy is a method of removing the cause of disease by adjustment, its purpose being to restore the structural condition of the body to its normal state, thereby enabling nature through normal activity to restore health." According to the osteopathic belief, nearly all disease is due to the malworking of some organ or set of organs, and this in turn is caused by interference with the blood or nerve or lymph supply, brought about by some structural derangement. In other words, healthy bodily function is always dependent upon the normal condition of the bodily structure.

Osteopaths hold that the human body contains all the remedial agents necessary for the maintenance of health, and that these curative fluids are distributed when and where needed, *except* when such distribution is interfered with by structural disorder. The province of the osteopath is, therefore, to restore structural harmony, so that the inherent healing-power of nature itself may regain control, making the administration of drugs unnecessary.

From its name it might be inferred that osteopathy deals only with the adjustment of the bones. This idea is erroneous. Muscles, ligaments, and the various organs of the body are included in the term structure, and in seeking to restore function the practitioner endeavors to secure the proper adjustment of any or all of these parts to each other in regard to position, relation, and size.

According to this new science, perverted structural conditions are a double menace to the well-being of the body: they interfere with normal functions, and thus disease is manifest, and at the same time the natural curative properties found in the body are held in abeyance by this structural irregularity, and nature is prevented from administering her own medicine. A structural disarrangement, maintaining functional disorder, in the language of osteopathy, is termed a lesion. Thus a partial dislocation of the hip would be called



Drawn from a photograph

DOCTOR STILL DICTATING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AT HIS HOME IN KIRKSVILLE

His visitor is Col. A. L. Conger, one of the first of Doctor Still's prominent patients

a lesion, and, by pressure upon the nerve and its adjacent tissues, would produce the functional disorder known as sciatica. A muscular lesion may be formed by the contraction of the muscles at the back of the neck. These contracted muscles press upon the veins which carry the blood from the brain, congestion results, and we call the functional disorder a congestive headache.

Lesions may produce disease in various ways: by direct pressure upon a nerve, as in the case of sciatica just referred to; by pressure upon an artery, rendering the supply of blood carried by the artery insufficient properly to nourish the organ which it supplies; by pressure upon a vein, which prevents the removal of all waste material in the system, thereby inducing tumors, goiter, etc.; and by pressure upon those lymph-glands which gather up the nutrient elements and convey them to the blood,

causing impoverishment of the organs which they supply.

METHODS OF DIAGNOSIS

In diagnosis, the osteopath uses all the methods common to the regular physician, but in the determination of spinal lesions he pays particular attention to palpation, *i.e.*, examination by touch. The experienced osteopath possesses in his finger-tips a power of diagnosis which is almost marvelous. While by no means ignoring symptoms, he more often finds his clue to the real trouble in some irregularity of bone or ligament or muscle—causes which are commonly considered unimportant by the regular physician.

During treatment, the patient is placed upon a treating-table or stool. Only superfluous accessories of dress are removed, and the practitioner, by his intimate knowl-

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edge of the human structure, notes any departure from normal conditions, and, by an intelligent adjustive process based upon mechanical and physiological laws, attempts to overcome the perversion. To the osteopath, disease means "mechanical interference with vital forces," and the reestablishment of health is simply the removal of that interference.

The spine is one of the principal points of examination because the great system of nerves and also the blood-vessels of the spine pass through the small openings between the vertebrae, and any disarrangement here is likely to affect seriously the vital functions of the body. Doctor Still asserts that ninety-five per cent. of all the diseases of the body have their origin in derangements of the spine. In substantiation of this statement he shows that each opening between the vertebrae is exactly large enough to allow the passage of the nerve or blood-vessel designed to fill that opening; if the bones be displaced even slightly, the space which before was just large enough to admit one of these structures will have been made smaller, and its walls will be compressed, resulting in nerve-irritation or diminished blood-flow, as the case may be. If, for instance, the vertebrae between the fourth and eighth dorsals become slightly displaced, disturbance of the vasomotor nerves controlling the blood supply to the stomach will result, and some form of stomach trouble be inevitable.

It is unfair, however, to conclude that the examination of the spinal system is regarded as the whole basis of operation in the process of treatment. The competent osteopath gives careful attention to every part of the body and is particular not to overlook any symptom, however slight, that may have a bearing upon the case.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OSTEOPATHY AND OTHER METHODS OF TREATMENT

In the treatment of disease the great difference between the osteopath's method and that of the regular physician lies, of course, in the fact that osteopaths use no medicine except, perhaps, an occasional salve or lotion in skin troubles, or an antidote in case of poisoning. The medical practitioner calls, makes his diagnosis, leaves the remedies indicated for his patient's ailment, and goes away, depending upon his medicine to do the work. The

osteopath makes his diagnosis, then must remain and administer his treatment "from the shoulder," as one might say. The prophylactic value of osteopathy is great. The osteopath in his examination often discovers conditions wholly unsuspected by the patient, and by the "ounce of prevention" administered at the proper moment is frequently able to ward off serious maladies. Many believers in osteopathy, although not ill, call upon their physicians at regular intervals for an examination. A uniform condition of health is thus maintained.

The big corporations realize the value of this kind of examination, and thousands of dollars are saved every month through the keen discernment of their osteopathic advisers. In the adjustment of damage cases resulting from personal injury, the opinion of a competent osteopath is of great value, as he can readily detect the frauds which are so often practised in such instances. Osteopaths are often called upon for expert testimony in court, and as examining physicians for insurance and railroad companies they are considered especially competent.

"Any method or measure of adjustment which will assist the organism in reestablishing its normal function" is the slogan of the osteopath. His curative processes are generally confined to adjustment of the malposition of bones, muscles, and ligaments, the object of this treatment being to relieve the abnormal pressure upon the nerves, blood-vessels, or organs, to increase or diminish the blood-flow, or to increase or decrease nerve-force, as the case may require.

A severe contracture of the muscles attached to the upper ribs may result in displacing the ribs from the articulations joining them to the spine, and this displacement may have a serious effect upon the health of the patient. Thus, osteopaths recognize that the more common forms of goiter are, in the majority of cases, caused by a displacement of the upper rib, which interferes, directly or indirectly, with the drainage of the glands of the neck, producing congestion and hypertrophy. This is undoubtedly brought about through interference with the vasomotor nerves which control, to a large extent, the amount of blood entering and leaving the thyroid gland. The treatment for this is the ad-

justment of the rib in its proper articulation and the correction of the primary vertebral lesion, thus restoring the vein to its normal size and allowing the waste product to drain off, after which the goiter gradually disappears. Instances are occasionally found where a single treatment is sufficient to reduce the goiter permanently, but the cure more frequently requires some little time. A physician in Gouverneur, New York, reports the case of a man afflicted with a pronounced case of vascular goiter. The patient had tried many physicians and many remedies, even paying one specialist a thousand dollars for an attempted cure. The osteopath in one treatment succeeded in removing permanently all trace of the disfiguring malady. When the gratified patient asked for his bill the practitioner replied that two dollars was his usual price for a treatment!

Not often, however, does osteopathy effect such a rapid cure. Frequently, as in the treatment of spinal curvature, the process is slow; and, in fact, most chronic cases call for a treatment of many months' duration. The frequency of treatment varies according to the disease. In extreme cases of typhoid fever the patient may require a few moments' attention every half-hour, while asthma responds best to treatment given fortnightly. The ordinary case requires from two to three treatments a week, their duration varying from five to twenty minutes.

OSTEOPATHY NOT NECESSARILY PAINFUL

It is commonly believed that the osteopathic mode of treatment is extremely painful. This is not necessarily true, though the practitioners of this school do seem to possess unusual facility in locating "tender

spots," and in certain cases they find it necessary to use heroic measures. Often the first few treatments render the muscles and overlying tissues somewhat sore, but after that the process is agreeable, and may be made either distinctly stimulating or sedative, as the physician desires. Persistent cases of insomnia yield to the osteopathic treatment quite readily, the practitioner finding it possible to induce sleep when all other means fail. In fact, many

instances are on record in which the patient fell asleep during a treatment.

Another difference between the two systems is in the "point of attack." Instead of "treating the symptoms as they arise" and going later to the seat of the disease, as is the frequent practice of the medical physician, the osteopath seeks to reach the cause of the disturbance at once. He argues that symptoms are a protection to the patient instead of a menace, and as a rule should not be abated until the exciting cause is at least partially under control. Thus, the osteopath asserts that pain which enforces rest, and vomiting and diarrhea, which rid



CORRECTING A NECK LESION WHICH
CAUSED EYE TROUBLE AND
SEVERE HEADACHE

the system of irritating substances, are all a distinct protection to the patient, and need not be given primary attention, *unless* the symptoms themselves be of so violent a nature as to endanger the life of the patient. In such an instance the symptoms would first be relieved and the cause treated later. Of course it is often possible for the practitioner to combine the palliative and curative in one treatment. In the case of a severe congestive headache caused by a derangement of the upper vertebrae, the immediate pain is relieved by a relaxation of the congested condition of the back of the neck, and by firm strong pressure over

the same area. Such a case can be relieved by this method in fifteen minutes, but the real curative treatment which will prevent its return must come from the adjustment of the lesion.

OSTEOPATHY AND DISEASE GERMS

In common with other schools, osteopathy recognizes the existence of disease germs, but with this difference: osteopathy does not consider the bacillus as the primary cause of disease, but rather as secondary. Osteopaths hold that most micro-organisms are saprophytic and live off the refuse matter produced by unhealthy tissues. Within certain limitations these bacteria are beneficial to the individual, acting as scavengers upon the refuse matter of the system, but when the bacilli multiply to any great extent they generate toxins which are distinctly poisonous, the body cells are destroyed, and disease results. The only logical safeguard against bacteria lies in the strengthening of cell-resistance. The tissues of the body when perfectly healthy are immune from the attacks of disease germs, but a low state of vitality, induced by a structural lesion or by excessive fatigue, may invite the attacks of the bacilli. When this occurs, all the forces of nature must be summoned to resist the enemy. The osteopath believes it unwise to administer drugs for the purpose of increasing cell-resistance, lest they act harmfully upon the bodily tissues as well as upon the germs; therefore he relies upon the germ-destroying properties found in the blood, and, by rallying these antiseptic forces, makes the fight against disease. Thus, in typhoid fever, the osteopath considers low vitality of the intestines the primary cause of the disease, and the presence of bacilli as merely secondary. Relying upon his theory that the blood, and more especially the lymph, contains all the remedial agents necessary to effect a cure, he directs his efforts toward improving the quality of the blood and increasing the intestinal circulation, thus bringing the destroying acids of the blood in contact with the harmful germs, and in combating, as does the medical practitioner, any complication which may arise. Osteopaths do not think it advisable to break up a fever indiscriminately, but they assert that its period of duration can be materially shortened or aborted by their method of assisting nature.

OSTEOPATHY AND SURGERY

The necessity of surgery in extreme cases is recognized by osteopaths, and both major and minor surgery are taught in all osteopathic schools as a part of the regular course. They do not believe, however, that the use of the knife should be resorted to indiscriminately or hastily, but only after all other means have been exhausted. There is no question but that the osteopathic method of treatment is of immense advantage both preparatory to and following an operation, recovery being facilitated because the forces of nature are materially assisted in bringing about the reparative process. A regular osteopathic nurses' training course has been instituted at Kirksville, and it will doubtless be only a few years until anyone can have an osteopathic nurse if he so desires.

Many kinds of mechanical treatment have been known and practised for centuries, but the osteopathic theory both as to the cause and the treatment of disease differs widely from that of the older thinkers and practitioners. Instead of working blindly for results, the osteopath seeks to find an intelligent reason for the disorder, and much of his treatment is based upon well-known principles of mechanics. "Common sense applied in a mechanical way is the fundamental principle underlying all successful treatment" is the way Doctor Still expresses it, in talking to his students. Probably no two osteopaths treat exactly alike, though both have the same theory and produce the same results. Each must possess a technique that is original and adaptable to each individual case.

While recognizing the body as a machine, osteopathy goes farther and avers that it is a self-lubricating, self-regulating, and self-restoring machine—one that is tending always toward normal, whose functions become seriously perverted only through abuse or violence or the presence of micro-organisms. "Every living organism," says Doctor Still, "has within it the power to manufacture and prepare all chemicals, materials, and forces needed to build and rebuild itself, together with all the machinery and apparatus required to do this work in the most perfect manner, producing the only substance that can be utilized in the economy of the individual.

No material other than food and water taken in satisfaction of the demands of the appetite (not perverted taste) can be introduced from the outside without detriment."

Osteopathy differs from hydrotherapy in that the hydrotherapist uses water, either hot or cold, in connection with the manipulations. Osteopaths object to this on the ground that the frequent use of water interferes with the secretion of the skin called sebum, which is a necessary protection against infection. They also argue that the after-effect of the cold bath is of doubtful result, and that the frequent use of water in the form of enemas or douches robs the mucus membrane of its necessary secretion, and weakens its natural action.

OSTEOPATHY AND MASSAGE

Massage and Swedish movements are considered by many to be identical with osteopathy. Many of the manipulations do appear to the onlooker as somewhat similar, and the immediate results may seem closely identical, but the masseur, as a rule, works for the immediate effect, while the osteopath aims for more permanent results. The masseur treats disease as though each member of the body were a separate organism, while osteopaths recognize one central force which governs the

whole. The masseur's work is generally confined to manipulation of the nerves, muscles, and other tissues, while the osteopath more frequently deals with adjustment of structural defects. In case of liver trouble the masseur, by compressing, stroking, and shaking, acts directly upon the liver. The osteopath, recognizing a great central force in nature which enables each organ to functionate properly, seeks at once to determine the point of interference between this central force and the diseased organ, and sets about the removal of the primary cause of the disturbance.

The various systems of mental healing agree with the osteopathic idea that nature herself is the great healer, and that it is the organism and not the physician that cures. There is, however, a radical point of divergence. Osteopathy holds that the point is often reached where nature, unassisted, cannot restore health, because there are perverted structural conditions which hinder the free course of nature's healing agents, and it is necessary to open up these channels of interchange between the cells of function and their source of supply. In other words, the physician must sometimes supplement the work of nature.

Even its best friends, however, admit that osteopathy is as yet only in its in-



OSTEOPATHIC TREATMENT FOR CHRONIC DISLOCATION OF THE HIP

According to the osteopath, a partial dislocation of the hip would, by pressure upon the sciatic nerve and its adjacent tissues, produce sciatica.

fancy. There are some maladies which the osteopath has been only partially successful in treating; others which he frankly admits baffle his best efforts. Continual research is revealing to osteopaths their own limitations, but it is at the same time showing them the larger possibilities of the science. No doubt the next fifteen years will reveal osteopathic possibilities little dreamed of to-day.

No one can deny that there are, at present, some serious drawbacks to the adoption of osteopathy as a universal method of healing. The cost of treatment is considerably more than the expense of doctoring with a medical physician. In chronic cases restoration to health is necessarily slow, and the outlay involved is more than the average workingman can

afford. Aside from proper hygienic precautions, the believer in osteopathy can do nothing toward treating himself. If he is indisposed, he cannot go to the corner drug-store and buy ten cents' worth of lateral swerve, or twenty-five cents' worth of stimulation for the cervical ganglia; he must leave nature to bring about relief—which, in many instances, is the best thing possible—or he must call upon an osteopath for a regular treatment.

Under prevailing conditions the osteopath labors at a great disadvantage in the treatment of acute diseases. With proper facilities for treatment, osteopaths hold that they are much more successful in acute cases than with chronic ailments, arguing that methods which are able to reach cases of long standing, where the patient has exhausted nature in his attempts to regain health, will be doubly efficacious in combating diseases which have not yet gained a foothold. The difficulty lies in the im-

possibility of securing favorable conditions for treatment. In serious cases of fever, in appendicitis, or in instances where there is grave danger of complications, it is frequently necessary to give the patient a few moments' treatment every half-hour. This is obviously impossible unless the patients are grouped together in a hospital, or un-

less there are available osteopathic nurses capable of giving simple palliative treatments between the visits of the physician. Doubtless the time will come when osteopathic sanitariums and hospitals will be numerous, but even then many patients will refuse to leave their homes.

THE BATTLE FOR RECOGNITION

The battle for admission as legal practitioners in the various states has been long

and hard-fought. Vermont, in 1896, was the first to give the osteopath an equal standing with the regular medical man, and the recent struggle in New York over legalization of the practice in that state was one of the most strenuous conflicts yet recorded. The medical fraternity and the pharmacists have been, of course, leaders in the fight against the osteopath. This attitude is in a measure due to the natural instinct of self-preservation. They hold that the average osteopath is unskilled in diagnosis and in the knowledge of hygienic laws, and that to allow him a position as a legalized physician is a menace to public safety. They charge him with undue rigor in his system of treatment, alleging that death is often caused by the exhausting manipulation of patients whose strength is already waning. They sneer at the idea of treating the nerves and blood-vessels entering the spine for the relief of stomach trouble, and say that the adjustment of a



A CASE OF SPINAL CURVATURE

The dotted line shows the extent of the malformation

curved spine once or twice a week is no more efficacious than the occasional straightening of a crooked sapling, which needs to be tied to a strong stake to keep it straight.

There is no denying that until the past few years osteopathy was in bad repute. Formerly only twenty months were required to complete the course. Schools sprang up which were willing to confer a degree upon almost anyone who would pay the price and spend the time with them. As a consequence of this irregularity a large number of so-called osteopaths were foisted upon the public who were far from being a credit to the science they represented. This condition of affairs led to a serious protest on the part of Doctor Still and other pioneers in the work, and the required term of study was lengthened, in 1905, to twenty-seven months. The osteopathic course in all authorized colleges now includes practically the same studies as those required in the regular medical colleges, with the exception of materia medica, which the osteopaths consider unnecessary. In addition to the regular osteopathic text-books, the standard medical books are used in the study of symptomatology, and a great deal of time is devoted to the principles and practice of osteopathy. The graduates have conferred upon them the title D.O.—doctor of osteopathy—which in some states gives them all the rights and privileges of medical physicians, while in others the right to practise major surgery is refused, and in still others the title “doctor” is withheld.

SOME REMARKABLE CURES

Some of the cures which osteopathy has effected have been truly marvelous. Paralysis, where there is no serious involvement of the spinal cord, is often cured by this mode of treatment. A recent case which attracted much attention was that of a man who was totally paralyzed from the waist downward. He was brought to the osteopathic hospital a year and a half ago. A daily treatment was administered, and at the end of six months he had regained control of the bodily functions, and was able to walk about on crutches. Three months later he used only a cane, and now he is able to walk short distances without any assistance whatever, with the prospect of complete and permanent restoration to health within the next few months.

Hundreds of cripples have been cured by

osteopathy. Hip-joint disease, that menace of childhood, is readily amenable to treatment if taken before the disease becomes too firmly settled. Both muscular and sciatic rheumatism have been repeatedly cured, and many other disabilities can be lessened, though not wholly removed.

Exophthalmic goiter, a disease considered almost universally fatal by the medical fraternity, yields most readily to osteopathic treatment. The method followed is adjustment of the upper ribs and the correc-



OSTEOPATHIC TREATMENT FOR SPINAL CURVATURE

The process of cure in such a case is a slow one and may call for a treatment of many months' duration

tion of the lower cervical vertebrae, in which areas lesions involving the nervous mechanism of the thyroid gland are most frequently found.

Chronic dysentery, flux, and the intes-

What is Osteopathy?

tinal disorders common to childhood can be relieved quickly and permanently by the seeming sleight of hand of which the osteopath is master. In fact, nearly all the diseases of childhood yield readily to osteopathic treatment. Constipation of twenty years' standing can be entirely removed, though the curative process may require as many months as the number of years the disease has existed.

Childbirth, if two months' preliminary treatment can be given, is rendered safe and comparatively painless, lacerations and kindred evils being practically unknown under the osteopathic treatment.

Many cases of asthma of long standing have been permanently relieved by this treatment. In fact, one of the "old doctor's" first and most spectacular cures was performed upon an asthmatic patient. He was driving along a country road when he came to a dooryard in which was a group of excited people. In their midst was a man, propped up in a chair, fairly fighting for breath. His friends looked on helplessly, apparently expecting his death at any moment. Doctor Still saw at once that the man was suffering from asthma. He brushed the onlookers aside, and striding up to the sufferer he began to examine and manipulate the spine, giving the man almost instant relief. Friends looked on, incredulous, while the rescued man exclaimed: "My God! What have you done? I didn't suppose anyone but the Almighty could ease me like that." The average practitioner, however, does not expect such quick results. As a rule the best effect is not obtained by treating at the time of the attack, but rather between paroxysms, and at intervals of from seven to ten days.

The much-talked-of appendicitis is a disease considered entirely unnecessary from the osteopath's point of view. Given a

case at its commencement, the practitioner gains control of the vasomotor nerves governing the appendix, thereby increasing the blood supply and allowing the organ to regain its normal condition. Osteopaths believe that the function of the appendix is to furnish a lubricant which possesses antiseptic qualities and also aids in digestion. They hold that appendicitis is merely inflammation caused by congestion resulting from interference with the blood supply to the appendix. The cause is almost without exception mechanical—constipation. The cure is not in the removal of the appendix, but in the removal of the *cause* of the constipation. This cause is nearly always found to be interference with the nerves controlling the intestinal supply at the point where the nerves leave the spinal column.

One of the most dramatic incidents connected with the achievements of osteopathy is the case of Mrs. Helen Delendrice, whose husband is termed "the merchant prince of the Dakotas." Mrs. Delendrice was affected with what the leading surgeons of the United States termed cancer of the breast; one operation had been performed and another seemed imminent, with slight hope of saving her life. She consulted competent osteopaths, who pronounced her disease not cancer, but a curable malady. Her complete restoration to health attracted universal attention, and the following year she appeared before the North Dakota legislature, and by her personal plea secured the passage of a bill giving osteopaths the right to practise in that state.

As before stated, there are some maladies which the new science has, as yet, failed to reach, and, in common with other schools, every notable cure is offset by cases which received only partial relief. Osteopathy is not infallible, but it would be manifestly unfair not to recognize the things which it can and does accomplish.





Drawn by Gordon Ross

The Little Sea-Urchins

By James J. Montague

THE little sea-urchins, 'way down in the ocean,
 The happy-go-luckiest urchins are they;
 When the waves up above are in wildest commotion,
 You know that the jolly young scamps are at play.
 With sea-horses hitched to a tortoise-shell shallop,
 While following dogfishes joyously bark,
 They drive at a rollicking, furious gallop
 Through league after league of their coral-set park.

On sledges of shell, 'mid anemones glowing,
 They coast on the tide as it eddies and swirls,
 Their footballs are porpoises, puffing and blowing,
 And the marbles they use are the shiniest pearls.
 Sometimes, for a lark, through the sea-forest darkling
 They scamper away, where the green mosses trail,
 And wait on the waves, all their beady eyes sparkling,
 To pilfer a ride on the back of a whale.

At night, when the moonfish is quietly beaming,
 When sea-cows, home-coming, contentedly low,
 When the myriad rays of the starfish are streaming
 And murmuring sea-currents placidly flow,
 When the whales seek repose, and serenity hovers
 Like mist-shadows over the bed of the deep,
 The little sea-urchins creep under the covers,
 And soon journey off to the Ocean of Sleep!

Passers-By

By Anthony Partridge

With frontispiece illustration by Will Foster

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT: Gilbert Hannaway, a young Englishman, looking down from his hotel window in London, is startled by the sight of a hunchback with a street-piano, a monkey, and a singing girl in a narrow passage below. He has seen the strange trio in Paris. Hurrying to the street, he speaks to the girl, and is knocked unconscious by a blow from the hunchback. He is carried to his room, and on recovering telephones the Marquis of Ellingham what he has seen. The nobleman seems much perturbed at the news. Meanwhile the hunchback, Ambrose Drake, and his companion, Christine, return to their squalid lodgings. It is evident that their presence in London is due to a search for Lord Ellingham, who has some mysterious connection with the girl's life. He is rich, and she is starving, and yet this should not be. The girl says that "the great adventure" will come when she finds him. The next day Drake goes to see the marquis, and warns him to leave the city at once. Lord Ellingham is astonished. Why, after a four years' search, does the man want him to get out of London the moment he finds him? Drake makes this point clear. It is not he but Christine who is eager to find the nobleman. Drake does not want her to meet him. He refuses help or money for the girl. Lord Ellingham agrees to leave London the following day. Returning home, the hunchback starts out again with the girl. He enters a bar to get a drink, and when he comes out Christine has vanished.

VI



EXACTLY how it happened Christine herself could scarcely have told. She had been gazing without any special interest into a shop-window, waiting Drake's return. Suddenly she was conscious of some one standing by her side, and a hand was laid upon her wrist. She looked around, startled. It was the man who had rushed down from his rooms into the narrow passage the night before, the man whom they had left lying upon the pavement with his face turned to the sky. She recognized him at once with a little gasp.

"This time, young lady," he said quietly, "I am not asking you any questions. I know quite well who you are, and I want to talk to you. Are you alone?"

"I will not talk to you," she answered, snatching her wrist away. "I do not know you. I am waiting for Ambrose. When he comes you will be sorry."

The young man laughed softly. It was not at all an unpleasant laugh, nor was he an unpleasant person to look upon. "My dear young lady," he said, "why will you

persist in looking upon me as an enemy? I assure you that I have no wish to be anything of the sort. It may be very much to your interest to talk to me for a few minutes. At any rate, I have found you, and I am not going to let you go."

Something in his face suddenly attracted her. She hesitated.

"Come," he said persuasively, "do not be foolish. Times are bad with you. Don't think me impertinent, but I can see that. It is not fit for you, this life."

"It is the life I choose," she answered, a note of fierceness in her tone.

"You have, perhaps, an object," he said quietly. "But never mind that now. You must come with me."

"Where to?" she asked.

"I am going to take you to a restaurant close here," he said, "and I am going to give you some dinner. Afterward, we will talk."

The idea appealed to her amazingly. A restaurant, good food, wine, flowers, and lights! She half closed her eyes. When she opened them again she was quite determined.

"I will go with you," she said. "Let us hurry. We must be gone before Ambrose returns."

He needed no second bidding. In a few

moments they were across the street, and he piloted her along the crowded sidewalk for a hundred yards or so. Then he stopped before a great restaurant. The commissionaire threw open the door with a bow.

"We will go in here," said Hannaway, "into the grill room. It is too early to find many people there, but we can talk."

She followed him into the room. He led the way, preceded by a bowing maitre d'hôtel, to a corner table. She sank into a chair with a little sigh of relief. There was everything here that she had hoped for—clean linen, sparkling silver, flowers upon the table, a delicate sense of warmth, and the faint sound of music from the larger restaurant. He took the *carte* and ordered the dinner. The waiter placed by his side a gold-foiled bottle and a pail of ice. Over their oysters he looked at her, smiling.

"Come," he said, "this is better than hitting me on the head because I ventured to show myself to you once more."

For the first time she smiled. The parting of her lips was transfiguring. One realized, almost breathlessly, that this girl with the tired eyes and sullen face was, if she chose to claim her heritage, beautiful. "If Ambrose should find us," she said, "I think that he would do more than strike you."

"I will take my chances," the young man answered easily. "I do not think that he will find us here, but even if he does he shall not take you away until I have said something to you which has been in my mind since——"

Her hand flashed out across the table. "Never mind when," she said hurriedly. "You will say what you want to, I suppose, and I must listen. But remember that even here there are waiters, and people at the next table. There are some things it were better not to speak of."

Hannaway turned in his chair and took careful stock of their surroundings.

"I think," he said, "that we are not in very much danger from eavesdroppers here. Tell me this. Is this miserable existence of yours, this tramping after a piano, a necessity of your life? Or is it merely a cloak for something else?"

"It is a necessity," she answered.

"You are really as poor as you seem?"

"Poorer," she answered. "I have known what it is, within the last few weeks, to de-

pend upon the pennies thrown to us in the streets for the food we ate."

"I do not understand it," the young man said. "There should be one man, at any rate, upon whom you have a sufficient claim."

"There is," she answered. "Do you know where I can find him?"

The young man toyed with his wine-glass. "Perhaps," he said. "That depends."

"Upon what?" she whispered, almost fiercely.

"Upon two things," he answered. "The first is, I must know exactly what will be your attitude toward that person when you have found him."

"The second?" she demanded.

"I think," he said quietly, "that you know it. For four years I have been looking for you. That is why, when I looked down from my rooms last night and saw you singing in the passage underneath, saw you and the hunchback and the monkey, I rushed down like a madman, determined that this time, at any rate, you should not escape me."

She drew away. "You were foolish," she said. "You are foolish now."

"I do not deny it," he answered. "I have been a little foolish ever since I used to see you, almost daily, singing in the streets. You were never very gracious. Sometimes when you saw me there among your scanty audience you would even frown and look annoyed. You scarcely ever spoke a kind word to me, and yet, when you disappeared I commenced a search which has never ended until now."

She looked at him a little curiously. Her face was no longer sullen, and with the passing of the frown from her dark, silky eyebrows her eyes seemed somehow to have increased in size. They watched him steadily, soft, brilliant, inquisitive, anything but tender. Her mouth was no longer hard. Her lips had parted in a faint mocking smile.

"And now that you have found me," she asked, "what do you wish?"

"To help you, if I can," Hannaway said. "I believe," he continued, "that this time, at any rate, you are really what you seem. I believe that your poverty is not a disguise. You really trudge these cruel streets for a hard living. You were not born for it. It is not right that you should live such a life."

"You wish to help me?" she asked.

"I do," he answered fervently.

"Then tell me," she said, leaning a little forward, "something that will end my search—tell me the whereabouts of the man whom we seek."

"I could," he answered, "but I will be frank with you. I have no information to give away. I will sell it at a price."

"Sell!" she repeated scornfully. "Look at me. My hat has been soaked through a dozen times, and it cost me five shillings. My clothes were bought ready made. My boots—well, the soles are thick, but they are what your country girls wear who walk to market. Look at me. I have no gloves. All my jewelry, the little I ever had, is in the pawnbrokers' shops of Paris, Milan, Rome, and those other places. What have I to offer you for your information?"

"You can repay me," he answered, "in the like coin. You are in search of——"

Again her hand flashed across the table. She seemed about to close his lips. She hung on his wrist, and her terrified eyes flashed into his.

"Be quiet! Oh, be quiet!" she said. "You must not mention him. It is not to be thought of."

He smiled. "This is England," he said.

"But it is London," she interrupted, almost fiercely. "London is not England. London is as bad as any place I know of. There are many who say too much here who never speak again."

Hannaway drained his glass. "My dear young lady," he said, "caution, up to a certain point, I approve of most thoroughly. But now listen to me, and understand this. I will give you, at this moment, the name and address of the man whom you seek if you will tell me who it was you helped to escape, you and the dwarf and the little black monkey, when you——"

"Stop!" she cried, with pallid lips. "You must not!"

He shook his head. "We are safer here than in the streets," he said. "You know when I mean. I saw you going down the hill, I saw you pass into the Rue Pigalle. I saw that strange little hunchback running, pushing the little piano before him, and I saw a man walking by his side. You were there, too. I saw you all turn into the Boulevard. I saw your shadows. I even heard the sound of those creaking wheels.

You turned the corner, and you vanished. The earth might have swallowed you up. No one knew of you. Every corner of Paris was searched in vain. What became of you? No, I will not ask you that! I promised to ask one question, and one question only. Who was it that you helped to escape that night?"

The girl's face seemed suddenly changed. She was paler. Her features had lost all their sullen impassivity. She was like a person looking out upon dreaded things. She crumbled up her bread with trembling fingers. The hand which raised her wine-glass to her lips shook. Waiters were at their table, but she made no attempt at lighter conversation. She sat still, looking around the room, looking everywhere but into the fixed, steadfast face of the man who sat opposite to her. Presently they were alone again.

She leaned a little over the table. "There was no one there," she said. "We were alone. We hurried away because we were afraid. It was a passer-by that you saw."

He smiled. "It is not true," he answered. "There are some things about which it is not worth while to lie, and this is one of them. Will you tell me who it was? I am not a policeman or a detective. No harm will come to anybody through me."

"Not if a knife were at my throat!" she answered, with sudden passion. "Why should I? What are you to me? I owe you what? A dinner, perhaps. Bah! You asked me here, not because I was hungry, not because you really wanted to see me again, but just to gratify your curiosity. You say that you have searched for me for four years. You want me to believe that you have thought of me, that it was for my sake. You looked everywhere for a singing girl and a hunchback and a monkey! Bah! I do not believe you. I am not even sure that you are not a policeman."

"That is not kind of you," he answered quietly. "It may seem strange to you, perhaps, that I should be so curious. Since you misunderstand me, I will ask you that question no more. Only, unless you will tell me exactly what you want of this person of whom you are in search——"

"I am in search of no one," she interrupted, with a little nervous gesture. "It is a mistake. We are here because there is

money in London; always money. And one must live. We have been in so many other places, and everyone has told us it is here that one finds that people give the easiest."

He shrugged his shoulders, and filled her glass. "You will not trust me," he said. "Very well, I will not spoil your dinner any more. I will ask no more questions. Presently we shall part. Only, before you go, there is one privilege at least which you must allow me."

"I will not take your money," she said hastily. "I will not take anything at all from you."

"Then you are a very foolish person," he answered. "I do not know much about you, but I do know that it is a shameful thing that you should be singing in the streets day after day, with only that poor little hunchback for a companion. I do not ask for any return from you of any sort. I simply ask to be allowed to help you for the sake of a sentiment."

"It is finished," she said coldly. "I can starve very well, but I would not take money from you."

He sighed. "You are worse than foolish," he declared. "You take pennies from the passers-by in the street, and yet you refuse the help of one who is anxious only to be your friend."

"We take the pennies of people whom we do not know," she answered coldly. "We sing and play to them, or we would ask for nothing. The greatest artist who sings in opera does that. For you it is different. We live our own lives. After all, we are the best judges of what seems right to us."

Hannaway shrugged his shoulders. It was only too obvious that the girl was in earnest. "It must be as you will," he said quietly. "The chicken at last! You take salad, of course? For the rest of the evening we speak of cookery, or shall it be the weather?"

She looked at him not unkindly. "You may talk of what you like," she answered, "except——"

He smiled as he filled her glass. "That," he assured her, "is finished."

VII

MR. GILBERT HANNAWAY was on the point of cutting in for a rubber of bridge at

his favorite club when a paragraph in the evening paper through which he had been glancing attracted his attention. He read it through carefully:

We regret to state that, owing to sudden indisposition, the Marquis of Ellingham has been ordered by his medical adviser to proceed at once to the south of France. The announcement will be received with very great regret throughout all classes of the community, especially as just at the present time his lordship's work in the cabinet is of great importance. We understand that his duties will be temporarily undertaken by the Right Honorable Meredith Jones.

Hannaway excused himself from the projected game. He remained a few minutes longer, chatting to his acquaintances, and then left the club. In less than a quarter of an hour a hansom deposited him at the door of Number 11 Cavendish Square.

The butler was at first obdurate. His lordship would see no one. He was leaving for abroad early in the morning, and his instructions were absolute. Hannaway, however, was possessed of an impressive manner, and he succeeded so far as to be shown into a small room to await the coming of the marquis's secretary. The latter, who was in a very bad temper, however, was not in the least inclined to afford opportunities for any more strangers to interview his master.

"I do not know you, Mr. Hannaway," he said, "and my chief has been ordered to take absolute and complete rest. He cannot give personal attention to any matter of business, and social calls just now are out of the question. I am sorry, therefore, that I cannot help you."

"You can help me so far as this," Hannaway answered, "and incidentally you can also help the marquis, of whose indisposition I was very sorry to hear. Tell him that the person who telephoned him last night from the Altona Hotel is anxious to have a few minutes' conversation with him."

The secretary's manner changed. With obvious reluctance, he turned to leave the room. "I will give him your message," he said curtly. "You may wait here."

The marquis had dined tête-à-tête with his wife. She was a very beautiful woman, and very much in demand in the social world, of which she was one of the principal adornments. To-night, however, she had canceled all her engagements. In face of the statement which was appearing in the

evening papers her presence at any social function was scarcely to be expected. Apart from this, she had an immense curiosity as to the cause of her husband's sudden departure from England. They had finished dinner, and were taking their coffee in the smaller library, where the marquis was accustomed to receive private visitors. The marchioness, who had had a fatiguing afternoon, was curled up on the sofa, watching her husband through half-closed eyes.

"You certainly, my dear Francis," she remarked, "do look a little pale and drawn. At the same time, I should scarcely have thought that there was anything in your health which made this sudden departure necessary."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders. "My dear Margaret," he said, "appearances are sometimes deceptive. I have been feeling absolutely run down for some time. To tell you the truth, I am in a very delicate position politically just now. I am absolutely opposed to our chief on several important matters. I have no following, and I am not disposed to give in altogether."

"So it is a political trouble, is it?" she asked.

"I do not wish you to understand that," he answered. "But if matters in the cabinet were different I might perhaps have made a more energetic struggle against my indisposition. Frankly, I think that I shall do myself no harm whatever if I am away during the next few months. It will obviate my acquiescing in a certain policy which I feel sure will, sooner or later, turn out to be disastrous."

The marchioness was distinctly interested. "Yet," she said, "you leave the conduct of affairs in the hands of a man whose policy is, I believe, very different from yours. Isn't Meredith Jones one of those who go through life shivering through fear of the Germans?"

"Meredith Jones, at any rate," he answered, "represents the popular feeling in the cabinet. I am almost alone in my views. Single-handed, I could do nothing. If I remained, I should have to carry out another man's views. No! I am well content to be away for a short time. Apart from which," he added, with a little sigh, "I am really feeling shockingly seedy."

"You won't expect me out until after Christmas, is suppose?" she asked.

"Certainly not," he answered. "You can come just when it is convenient. In fact, although I have wired to have the villa got ready, I shall probably wander about for some time and try to find a quiet spot along the Italian Riviera. I shall have plenty to occupy my thoughts. There are some papers I have been wanting to write for the reviews."

The marchioness looked for a moment or two thoughtfully into the fire. She was not in the least satisfied with her husband's explanation.

"My dear Francis," she said presently, "but for the fact that I interviewed Sir Frederick myself, and know that he dare not tell me a downright lie, I should come to the conclusion that you are keeping something back from me with regard to your health. Frankly, I do not believe this explanation of yours. You are not at all the sort of man to run away from trouble."

The marquis stood still for several moments. His thin drawn face was in a sense expressionless, yet his wife was perfectly well aware that there was some change there. Something had happened which reminded her of a terrible week of restlessness soon after their marriage.

"There is some trouble," he said, "from which flight alone is possible."

The marchioness raised herself a little on the sofa. "I do not like to hear you say that, Francis," she remarked. "I hope that you have not been foolish enough to allow yourself to be frightened by any of these bands of blackmailers. They tell me that half the public men in London, at some time or another, have to face trouble of this sort."

"Blackmailers!" he repeated softly. "No, it is not exactly that."

"There is something?" she persisted.

"There is something," he admitted, unconsciously lowering his voice.

"Why not tell me about it?" she asked. "If there is any real trouble or danger to be faced I do not need to hear the other side. I believe in you, and I would help you if it were possible."

The marquis threw away his cigarette. He stooped down and raised his wife's fingers to his lips. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he stooped and kissed her lips.

"Dear Margaret," he said, "I thank you very much. If it were possible for me to give it to anyone in the world, you should

have my whole confidence. Unfortunately, it is not possible. If you were my guardian angel, the materialized conscience of my life, I should still be dumb."

"There were times," she remarked thoughtfully, "when you were a young man, before there was any thought of your coming into the title, when you were unheard of. There were years of your life during which you seemed to have no friends, when no one seemed to know anything about you, where you were, or what you were doing. You came back when your cousin died, a stranger to nearly everybody. I have been curious sometimes, Francis, about those years."

His lips slowly parted into a smile, a smile which seemed to make a stranger of him to the woman who was watching his face. Certainly it was some other man who, with fixed eyes, looked back into the shadows of another's past.

"You must remember," he said, "that in those days I was nobody. I was a well-born, penniless young man, with no career, practically no expectations. I was treated very badly by people from whom I had some right to expect countenance. I was a little wild, perhaps, but I was no worse than dozens of others. I mention this because I want you to understand that in those days I felt no shadow of obligation toward either my country or my family. That is all I can tell you, Margaret."

Then the marchioness made what was for her a most astounding suggestion, a suggestion which even a few days afterward she reflected upon with amazement. "I wonder," she said, "whether you would care for me to go with you abroad? I could manage it, of course. The servants could follow us in a few days with the luggage."

He looked at her. He was astonished, and showed it. "My dear Margaret," he said, "it is most unnecessary. For what you have said I am very grateful, but it is better for me to go alone just now. Now who the mischief can that be?"

There was a low tapping at the door. His secretary entered, with a brief apology.

"I am most sorry, sir," he said, "to interrupt you. There is a man here of whom I cannot get rid. His name is Gilbert Hannaway."

The marquis shook his head. "I never heard of him," he said. "Are you sure that he is not from a newspaper?"

"I am quite sure," the secretary an-

swered. "He is very urgent in his desire to see you, and he will give me no further explanation of his coming than this. He says that he is the man who rang you up last night from the Altona Hotel."

The marquis set down his empty coffee-cup. It was impossible for either of the other two persons in the room to avoid noticing that his hand was trembling. Again there was something in his eyes which, to those two who knew him so well, seemed to suggest another man living in another world.

"I will see this gentleman," the marquis said. "You may show him in here," he added, with a little glance toward his wife.

She rose at once, and shook out her gown. "I will go to my room," she said, "and read for a little time. Perhaps if you are not detained too long you will come in and see me."

The secretary held open the door with a low bow. Her husband, as she passed, once more raised her fingers to his lips.

"My dear," he said, "I shall certainly come."

VIII

THE marquis glanced from the card which he held toward the man whom his secretary had just ushered in.

"This is Mr. Hannaway, sir," the latter remarked.

The marquis inclined his head very slightly. "I do not understand the purpose of your visit, sir," he said, "and I am exceedingly occupied just now. If you will kindly explain in a few words what I can do for you, I shall be glad."

Gilbert Hannaway bowed, and glanced toward the secretary.

"Do you wish me to stay, sir?" the latter asked.

The marquis hesitated for a moment. Then he shook his head. "No," he said. "You had better type those letters I gave you before dinner. Bring them to me in a few minutes, and I will sign them."

The secretary bowed and withdrew, closing the door carefully behind him. The marquis, who was still regarding his visitor with a slight frown, motioned him to take a seat.

"Sit down, if you will, sir," he said. "I can spare you only a very few minutes. First of all, let me ask you what is the meaning of that extraordinary message which I understand came from you last night?"

Hannaway accepted a chair, and laid his hat and stick upon the table. He drew up one knee and clasped his hands around it. "A hunchback, a singing girl, and a monkey!" he murmured. "You see, I had been searching for them, and they appeared unexpectedly. It occurred to me that you, too, might be interested to know that they are in London."

"But why?" the marquis asked.

Hannaway was silent for a moment. "Your lordship," he said, "are we to talk as men who feel for the point of the other's rapier in the dark? Or are we to lay our cards upon the table? We may, perhaps, each be able to help the other."

The marquis glanced toward the door. "Mr. Hannaway," he said, "you comport yourself like a sane man, but I frankly admit that your words seem to me to qualify you for a lunatic asylum. Frankly, I have no idea what you mean."

Hannaway nodded thoughtfully. "Ah!" he said, "you prefer that way. Well, it is your choice of weapons. I understand that your lordship is leaving England to-morrow."

"If I am," the marquis answered, "I do not conceive it to be any concern of yours."

"One cannot tell," Hannaway answered. "Sometimes the little webs of fate which connect our lives with one another are almost invisible. There may be something which brings us into closer touch than you are willing to admit. Five years ago, for instance, things were different with both of us."

The marquis looked at his visitor long and steadily. "Listen," he said. "Five years ago I was a penniless man. I was leading an adventurous life, and I was to be met with in strange places. It is possible that I may have met you in some of them. It is possible that I may have met you under circumstances which seem to you scarcely in keeping with my present position. What of it? What concern is it of yours? Are you here to ask for blackmail?"

"You do me an injustice," Hannaway answered, without any sign of anger. "Only I, too, five years ago, was a wanderer, something of an adventurer, perhaps. I was in Paris five years ago."

The marquis bowed. "It is possible," he said indifferently, "that I may even have had the pleasure of seeing you there. If so, I do not remember it. You must permit

me to remind you, Mr. Hannaway, that you have not as yet given me any excuse, call it reason if you will, for your visit."

"There was a girl," Hannaway murmured, "a singing girl, a hunchback, and a monkey. To-night I had dinner with the singing girl. We talked of many things."

The marquis did not at once reply. He turned his back a little upon his visitor, and moved toward a chair. "You have read in the papers, perhaps," he said, a little hoarsely, "that I am ill. I am not fit to be about. You say that you dined with a singing girl, and you tell me that as though it were likely to interest me. What do you mean?"

"Your lordship," Hannaway said, "I dined with the girl whose life is a search. You know whom she seeks. You know why she seeks him. You know more than I do of these matters, but I know enough to make me sure that you are leaving England to-morrow to avoid an unpleasant encounter."

"Mr. Hannaway—" the marquis began.

"We are alone," Hannaway said. "There is no need to waste our words. There is a man in France sighing out his life behind the walls of a prison. This girl seeks, perhaps, for some one to take his place."

"Really," the marquis declared, "you are becoming quite interesting."

"I am thankful for so much of your lordship's consideration," Hannaway answered.

"She is looking, do I understand, for a substitute?" the marquis asked.

"She is looking for a criminal," Hannaway answered. "She is looking for the man who should be in the place of a certain Vicomte de Neuilly."

"You have come here to tell me these things, Mr. Hannaway," the marquis said. "Why?"

"Because," Hannaway answered, "I expect for my information a *quid pro quo*."

"Naturally," the marquis answered. "In the shape of a check, may I ask?"

"I am no blackmailer," Hannaway said sternly, "but I was in the house at the corner of the Place Noire on the night when twenty gendarmes were foiled by one man. I set myself to find out who that man was. I have even visited the prison. I know that the man who lies there is not the man they think."

"Indeed," the marquis answered.

"The police themselves know it," Hannaway continued, "but they are vain, and they will not admit that they failed to secure the man with whose name all France was ringing during those few months. Only a few people know that the man who lies in the jail at Enselle is not the terrible Jean. I am one of the few who know how he made his escape that night. I was lying with a bullet in my thigh, or I should have followed even then. Some of you others must have known. Tell me who that man was, Lord Ellingham. Tell me where I can lay my hands upon him. You owe me that much for the warning I have given you to-night."

The marquis had settled down in his easy chair. "My dear Mr. Hannaway," he said, "I am delighted that I decided to see you. No one has amused me so much for a very long time. Pray go on. Tell me more about this Jean the Terrible, I think you called him. Who was he, and why was he terrible? And above all, why do you come to me for information about him?"

"Because you knew him," Hannaway answered. "Because you were one of that band of ruffians. There, you see, I am not over-jealous of my secret. I have no grudge against you. I understand that things have changed with you, so that you would prefer to look upon the past as though it had not been. But my silence is worth something. The man may be dead, or he may be alive. Anyhow, his whereabouts interest me. Tell me, even, what his haunts were, what he was like to look at, anything that can help me in my search."

The marquis shook his head. "Mr. Hannaway," he said, "you have amused me exceedingly, and I am very much obliged for your call, and also for the warning concerning the young lady and the dwarf and the monkey. I fancy that you have been taking an overdose of Heine. Let me recommend you to go back to that young lady, and get rid of your illusions. She will probably be able to help you do so."

Hannaway nodded, as he stretched out his hand reluctantly for his hat and stick. "Ah, well," he said, "I am not disappointed. The old fear still remains, I suppose. The old bonds are still tightly drawn. There are ways, though, without your lordship's help."

The marquis touched the bell. "I have enjoyed your call immensely, Mr. Hanna-

way," he said. "Pray come again some day, when I have returned from abroad."

"I shall certainly do myself the honor," Hannaway answered, as he followed the footman out of the room.

IX

THE girl paused at the threshold of the sitting-room, and opening the door softly, looked in. Drake was lying huddled up on the sofa, his face buried in his arms. Chicot sat a few feet away, regarding him dolefully. At the sound of her coming, both turned toward the door. Drake sprang to his feet. A little cry broke from his lips.

"Christine!" he exclaimed. "You are back again! What has happened? Why did you leave me?"

She looked at him for a moment steadily. Certainly he was a strange-looking figure. His hair was tangled and disarranged. There were patches of red upon his face. His clothes were splashed with mud. She held out her hands with a little gesture, almost of aversion. Then she slowly began to remove the pins from her hat.

"Ambrose," she said, "you have been drinking."

"God knows I needed to drink!" he cried. "I was away three, perhaps five, minutes. When I came back you were gone. I waited, we waited, Chicot and I. When they made us move on, we came back again. We walked on the pavement, we stood in the street, the hours went, and you did not come. Yes, it is true, Christine. Then I drank. What was I to do? I could not eat, and I was faint, faint with fear. But you have come back," he added, with a little break in his voice.

"Of course I have come back," she interposed wearily. "What else was there to do?"

"You want something to eat!" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Not a thing," she answered. "I have had dinner at a restaurant. I have dined, actually dined, Ambrose. Think of it! I have seen clean linen, flowers, and silver. I have eaten warm, well-cooked food. I have even tasted champagne."

The joy died out of his face. Once more he was haggard. "With whom?" he demanded. "With whom have you been?"

"With no one of my own choice," she answered. "I met him face to face, and you

were not there. I was obliged to listen to him. It was the Englishman. You remember? The one from whom we escaped only last night."

"You went to dinner with him?" Drake exclaimed, his voice trembling. "Why did you do that? Where did you go? Why did you not keep him talking until I came?"

"It was no use," she answered. "We could not have escaped from him. It was best to let him talk."

"You told him anything?" Drake asked.

"Nothing!" she answered.

"How much does he know?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "He is one of those silent persons," she said, "who say little, who ask questions, and whose faces never change. How much he knows I could not tell."

"Did he come home with you?" Drake demanded. "Does he know where we live?"

"He knows nothing," she answered.

"Tell me," Drake asked, "what if we fail also in London?"

"We cannot fail," she answered. "We must find him. He is here somewhere. I know it. We are in the same city. In time we must come face to face. Then he shall hear what a woman, even though she be only a girl, thinks of a traitor."

"It is a great city, this," he said thoughtfully. "We may search day by day, month by month, even year by year, and the one person for whom we look may escape us."

"We must take our chances," the girl answered doggedly. "He must be found. In time we shall find him. I am sure of it."

"And meantime we starve," Drake muttered, "you and Chicot and I. The pennies come hardly all the time, and the piano is wearing badly. The man told me to-day that I should have to pay for two fresh notes. It is the damp and the rain that do it. What a country it is, Christine!"

She saw the gleam in his eyes, and she answered him almost roughly. "Oh, I know!" she said. "You are longing for the sunshine, for the smell of flowers, the warm south winds. Don't you think that I, too, miss them? It is a hideous country, this, but we have not ourselves to think of. Remember the man whose life is worse even than ours, who waits, who has nothing else to do but wait—and hope."

"It shall be as you say," Drake answered. "We will stay, if you will have it so."

"Stay we must," the girl answered passionately. "It is not of my choice, it is not a matter of will. We are here. We must remain here."

There was a tap at the door. The child who had carried up Christine's breakfast entered. She held in her hand a twisted scrap of paper.

"A gent left this 'ere for you," she explained.

Christine unfolded the note with curious fingers. "For me?" she repeated. "A gentleman left it for me?"

Drake came softly nearer, with darkening face. The child, who saw prospects of trouble, lingered. Christine read the few lines, scrawled across a half-sheet of paper, and her eyes flashed.

"Look, Ambrose!" she cried. "See! It is a message from the skies, this. Read!"

"I cannot read," he muttered. "My eyes are dim."

She read it to him:

Be at Victoria Station when the eleven o'clock train leaves for the Continent to-morrow. Watch the passengers.

There was no signature, nothing on the paper by which they could tell from whom it had come. Christine's eyes were on fire with excitement.

"To-morrow!" she cried. "The eleven o'clock train at Victoria!"

"Who sent you that note?" Drake demanded.

She laughed. Her fingers went to her lips, and she threw an imaginary kiss. "I cannot tell," she answered, "but this is for him, and more, wherever he may be."

X

AT seven o'clock in the morning there were few people stirring in the miserable lodging-house where the hunchback and the girl had their quarters. From his secret hiding-place Drake came stealing with soft footsteps into their little sitting-room. He struck a match and lighted the stove, slipped out through the front door, and at a neighboring shop bought rolls and butter and fresh milk. These he put carefully on one side. For himself he produced from the cupboard two small pieces of stale bread, some rancid butter, and a coffee-pot, and pre-

pared some unnameable compound. Then he arranged the girl's breakfast upon the tray, set the kettle once more upon the stove, and commenced his meal.

Up and down the little room he walked, listening intently for any sound in the sleeping house. His face was drawn and tense with emotion. Sometimes as he walked he cracked the joints of his long fingers. Sometimes he paused to wipe the damp fear from his forehead. Would she come? Was he going to lose her? Would she oversleep, perhaps, or change her mind? In his heart he knew that none of these things was probable. He knew that the great sickening fear which had taken possession of him would soon be realized. How he cursed the anonymous sender of those few lines! She would go, he was sure of it! Soon he would hear her footsteps upon the stairs, and see her hurry into the room, with this new animation in her face which had never left her since she had received the letter. She would wish him good-by carelessly, as usual, and she would go out of the door never to return. He was sure of it, sure of it, he told himself, with a little sob of agony. What was there to keep her in this bondage of misery when once the way of escape was made manifest?

Eight o'clock struck, and then half-past. Nine, and there was no sound of her coming. A faint impossible hope commenced to quicken his pulses. Sometimes she slept late. If she should do so to-day, if she should fail to reach the station in time, the man might go. There would be nothing left for her but to stay with him. She would hate him more than ever for not having called her. What did it matter? There was little he had from her save ungracious words. She would be with him still. She would walk by his side. She would accept day by day his constant service. He prayed that she might be late. In vain! Nine o'clock had scarcely struck before he heard her step upon the stairs. He raised his hands high above his head in a little gesture of despair. Then, with a queer little sob, which somehow or other he contrived to suppress, he took the coffee-pot in his hand and poured in the hot water.

"Your breakfast is ready, Christine," he said. "I thought that you would take it down-stairs this morning."

Christine nodded carelessly. In that first furtive glance he had noticed, with sink-

ing heart, that she was wearing her best hat, and that her clothes, shabby though they were, had been carefully brushed. She wore gloves, too, and a little piece of lace was at her throat. There could no longer be any doubt about it. She was going to the station. She sat down at the table, and drank her coffee slowly.

"You are not coming with me, then?" she asked abruptly.

"No," he answered.

"I shall come back," she said, "anyhow. I shall come back for a little time, whatever happens."

He turned away that she might not see his face. "I wonder," he said thoughtfully.

In his heart he did not wonder at all. He felt that the end had come. It was there like a dead weight over his heart. After she had finished her coffee she drew on her gloves.

"They tell me," she said, "that it takes an hour to walk to Victoria from here. I think I will start."

"There is a railway that goes underground," he said. "I have seven pence here."

He held out the coins, and laid them with shaking fingers upon the table. She took them up, and put them into her pocket.

"I will take the money," she said, "in case it comes on to rain. If not, I would rather walk."

She rose to her feet, and then, with a sudden impulse, she turned round toward him. Her eyes, for a moment, lost their far-away look. The lines of her face seemed to soften.

"Good-by, Ambrose," she said. "Won't you wish me fortune? Remember, it is for your sake as well as mine."

He threw himself suddenly on his knees before her. His long fingers caught at her skirts. "Don't go," he cried. "There is danger, and I am afraid. I am afraid that you will not come back. I can earn more money. I will get up earlier. I will go out in the evenings, Chicot and I. There are many who do well on the streets when people are going and coming from the theaters. You shall have more clothes, I swear that you shall. Don't go away, Christine. I am afraid."

She looked at him with the tolerant amazement of one who sees an unexpected passion seize hold of a child. "My dear Ambrose," she said, drawing her skirts

away from his clinging fingers, "don't be absurd. Sit up, and remember that you are a man. Remember that this is what we came here for, what we have been looking for ever since we started the quest. A few shillings a day more—what do you think that could mean to me? I am tired of this wretched poverty. I want another life from beginning to end. If I do not find it soon I think that I shall go mad."

Already he was conscious of the futility of his effort. He dragged himself to his feet. He was feeling very weak and very old. "Another life," he muttered. "Yes, I understand!"

She threw him a farewell nod. "You have been very kind, Ambrose," she said. "Do not be afraid that I shall forget it."

She left the room, and from the window he watched her cross the street and set her face westward. He recognized a new blitheness in her step, a new grace in the way she held her skirts and carried her head. The hope which had been almost crushed in her was alive once more. The signs of it were all there, a torment to him. He turned back into the room as she disappeared, finding it strangely empty. She was gone, and in his very misery he was hopeless. Something vital had been torn from his life. He sat on the edge of the sofa, and Chicot leaped onto his shoulder.

At twenty minutes to eleven there was all the pleasant bustle on the platform at Victoria which precedes the departure of the Continental train. Piles of registered luggage were being checked and looked over by their owners. The people who had arrived early were walking up and down the platform, saying good-by to their friends. Busy inspectors were scrutinizing the labels to find the engaged carriages. The boy who sold seats in the French train was doing a thriving business. Gilbert Hannaway was sauntering by the book-stall, turning over magazines, and glancing frequently toward the main entrance, where Christine was standing, pale and expectant.

A few minutes before the hour, Lord Ellingham, leaning a little upon the arm of his secretary, and preceded by a tall footman, came through onto the platform. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but walked straight through the press of people to take his place in the train. Hannaway, whose emotions were not easily aroused,

felt himself suddenly thrilled as he watched the girl. He saw a new thing in her face. He saw an expression which never before had he seen in the eyes of any living person. She had staggered a little back, and was leaning slightly against the wall. Her hands were stretched out, as though to hide from her the sight of some terrible thing. Her lips were a little parted. Her eyes had grown larger, distended, terrified. As though against her will, they followed the movements of the man who had passed so close to her. They followed him across the platform, followed him, the central figure of an obsequious-looking group, to the reserved carriage awaiting him. Her hands clutched at the air. She seemed almost as though she would fall. Hannaway crossed the platform to her.

"Have you nothing to say to him?" he asked, pointing to the carriage, the door of which was now closed.

The girl looked at him with unseeing eyes. She started to cross the platform, and at that moment Lord Ellingham came to the window to give some parting instructions to the footman. His eyes met the girl's, and for the second time Gilbert Hannaway was thrilled. He saw the man at the carriage window clutch the sides of the door for support, saw in his face something of that same look which had shone a moment before in the eyes of the girl who was now going toward him.

The whistle of the train blew. Lord Ellingham threw open the door of his carriage.

"Let her in," he said hoarsely, to the inspector.

The people who stood around looked from the girl to him in amazement. Penton, his secretary, was too amazed to utter a word. The footman could not think of one to utter. Only the inspector, with his mind upon his duties, was able to make any remark at all.

"The young lady won't be going on, sir?" he asked. "We are off now. There's no time—"

Lord Ellingham stretched out his hands and drew her into the carriage. The train was already moving. There was no opportunity for any other protest. Those who were left upon the platform, and had witnessed the little scene, gazed after the train in amazement. Only Gilbert Hannaway understood, and he very dimly, something of the meaning of what had happened.

The next instalment of "*Passers-By*" will appear in the October issue.

A Great Criminal of the Last Generation

THE CAREER OF ALEXANDER THOMAS REVEALED A MAN OF TERRIFIC PROPORTIONS AND PURPOSES—A MR. HYDE SUCH AS THE BRAIN OF STEVENSON NEVER DARED CONCEIVE

By Julian Hawthorne

Illustrated by William Oberhardt



WHEN I was about half my present age I was for four years intimate with one of the greatest criminals of his time—of any time, perhaps; such, at least, was afterward his rating. I will add (for the peace of mind of the reader) that I did not suspect him while the friendship was going on, nor for a year or two afterward, when the truth was revealed to my incredulous eyes by a paragraph in a London paper. I said to myself, when I had read the item, "Of course that can't be Tom!" and although the details fitted painfully well, I still withheld my belief until a portrait of him was published in (I think) *Harper's Weekly*, and further doubt became impossible.

Since then there have been several great criminals, whose careers I have studied; but I question whether, taking them all by and large, any of them quite measured up to my friend. He was of his own sort, of course; no one had before or has since done just the kind of thing that he did. He was, in his calling, an inventor, and perhaps a genius; one is apt to feel enthusiastic about a person of that caliber, and standards are scarce to compare him by. Hundreds of people, including his own wife and children, knew him as intimately, almost, as I did, and to not one of them did he ever for one moment reveal his secret; nay, that he had any secret to reveal. He was not of a species that anyone would suspect of having a secret, or of being capable of having one. We men and women of the world imagine that we know

a man when we see him, and can assign him his proper place in our little gallery of types of human nature. But Tom went his way, looking us all smilingly in the face, opening to us his entire way and principle of existence (as we believed), and never a man or woman of us all had the glimmering of a notion as to what he really was, or would have believed an accuser who should have arisen and denounced him.

The whole civilized world was amazed and horrified when the truth about him came out; but its emotions were pale compared with those of us who had been his personal friends and were utterly convinced that, be his faults what they might (and he had many), he was at least as honest, as humane, and as simple and artless a human creature as had ever been created in this world. What was the effect of the revelation upon his other friends I do not know, for I never happened to speak with any of them on the subject; but upon myself it was so impressive that for many years I never mentioned his name at all, or thought of him when I could help it; and though I have, in the thirty years since then, told his story a few times to persons I knew well, and who, I thought, could appreciate it, yet this is the first time I have ever written about him; and, so sincere was my affection for him, it seems almost disloyal to disclose the facts about Tom even now. He did not cause me to lose my faith in human nature, as the phrase is, because he seemed so astounding an exception to human nature itself; but he did cause me to lose a great deal of my faith in myself—in that cheerful cocksureness about things in general which appertains to

so many of us. I have never since believed that I could see through millstones.

"Alexander Thomas" was the name he wrote down, in his sprawling, heedless handwriting, in the book of the names of members of the American Club in Dresden, Saxony, a pretty city in which I spent four happy years. There may have been a middle initial, but I have forgotten what it was. We called him Tom, and Old Tom, and made ourselves mightily free and easy with him. He was perfectly modest and unassuming in his bearing and conversation, and never did anything but chuckle good-naturedly—there was never anything else so inexhaustible as Tom's good nature—when some one or other broke a jest at his expense. He was an enormous creature, weighing at least three hundred pounds, though under six feet in height; with a big, clumsy head on a short thick neck and mighty shoulders; with rough red hair, a straggly red beard, and merry, sharp little blue eyes. He wasn't a mere hogshead of fat, though; he was hard all over, of tremendous strength, and of no little activity and lightness on his feet, so that I have seen him walk ten or fifteen miles on a hot summer's day, and run a hundred-yard sprint at the end of it, with less effort than most of us would have to make. He was always jolly, always chuckling, and he had a trick of running the tip of his tongue out of his mouth and curling it along his upper lip, just as you might see a fat, mischievous, harmless boy do it. It was a remarkably pointed tongue, and very mobile; and it, and this trick with it, may have been an index to his character, but I had not the skill to interpret it. He trod about the rooms of the club with a tread ponderous but light, as Count Fosco, a much less remarkable villain, might do; and he would sit and swap yarns with us for hours at a time, or he would take a hand at cards from noon till midnight, winning or losing the trifling sums that were hazarded in our club in those days, when no one was rich and we played for the fun of it. Tom was always strictly honest about settling up, however; and though we all regarded him as poor, even according to the standard that obtained among us, yet none of us would have hesitated to accept Tom's word for as good as his bond.

It is to be noted, in this connection (card-playing, I mean), that we sometimes sat up at it rather late; and it happened quite often

that, soon after midnight, the club waiter would approach Tom mysteriously and whisper something in his ear. Whereupon Tom would change countenance, throw down his cards, mumble some excuse, and leave the room; and we would see no more of him that night. What had happened? Was this, you may ask, a clue to his mystery? By no means; and you are forgetting that there was no mystery about Tom, that we knew of, to make a clue to. No: Tom's sudden defections were due to Mrs. Tom, who was a pretty woman, a bit of a shrew, very fond of her big husband, but withal very strict with him; and when he overstayed the midnight hour at the club she was in the habit of coming over and sending up word that she was waiting for him, and he must come home with her at once. He never kept her waiting on these occasions. He was devoted to her and their two children—quite a fool about them, we used to say; and it was not because they "knew anything about him," for they knew nothing, any more than anyone else did. It was pure affection, there is no doubt about that. But it amused us much that big Tom should be a henpecked husband, and we made great fun of it, both among ourselves and to him. He only chuckled, rather foolishly, and never resented it; and it was actually for the sake of this good little woman and her two children that his crimes were committed, and they lived on money that was obtained by the murder of hundreds of their fellow creatures.

THE "BREMEN FIEND"

And I may as well say here that my friend Tom, whose name was written by himself in the club book as "Thomas," was none other than the "Bremen Fiend," and variously referred to afterward, by investigators who attempted to trace his career, as "Thomassen," "Thompson," "Alexander," and I know not what besides. The enormity of his crimes stimulated an immense curiosity, speculation, and professional and amateur sleuthing on his behalf, the police of Germany comparing notes with those of the rest of Europe and America, and turning up every stick and stone that seemed in the least likely to reveal a criminal behind it. This quest was kept up for a year or more; but the results of it were out of all proportion meager. It was not found possible to determine even his nationality:



THERE WAS NEVER ANYTHING ELSE SO INEXHAUSTIBLE
AS TOM'S GOOD NATURE

one report had him a resident of Brooklyn, another of Nova Scotia, another of the Southern states, and so on. No one was able to prove anything on that point, and the truth as to his birthplace will never be known; he had covered his trail too well. It was asserted that he had been a blockade-runner during our civil war, and that, after the war, in 1866, he had been charged with scuttling an English steamer on which he had shipped "goods," and insured them to the

amount of twenty-four thousand pounds sterling. Whether or not this enterprising individual was our Thomas, at all events he escaped conviction, and disappeared. If it was he (and very likely it may have been), the adventure taught him prudence; and at the time I knew him he was doing business on less hazardous lines, and with better chances of immunity.

His method was as follows: He would ship a wooden case, declared as containing

merchandise, on some steamer, generally a transatlantic liner, though his field may have been a wider one than this, for at about the time that the revelation concerning him took place, ten steamers and fifteen thousand lives were reported lost along our Pacific coast, whether or not through Tom's agency cannot now be ascertained. This packing-case of his would contain, not the merchandise that he declared, but enough dynamite or other high explosive to blow any ship to pieces, and an ingenious and powerful piece of clockwork mechanism to explode it withal. The mechanism slowly forced back a strong steel spring contained in an iron cylinder, the process being timed to last four or five days. At the expiration of the period a catch would be automatically released, setting free the spring, which would thereupon strike with great impetus against a sort of ramrod with a sharp point at its outer end (also contained in the cylinder), and this sharp point would be driven into the explosive, setting it off and sending the ship and every thing and person on it to the bottom of the sea. In course of time the ship would be reported at Lloyd's as "overdue," then as "missing," and finally as "lost"; after which Thomas would apply for his insurance, and get it; for the amount he claimed was never more than four or five hundred dollars. Not that he would not have liked to insure for more, but that, had he done so, his box of "merchandise" would have been liable to examination by the insurance agents, with results, of course, that would have brought Thomas's industry to an abrupt end. In order further to avert suspicion, he would ship on many different lines and insure in many different companies, none of which, for a sum so insignificant as that involved, ever thought it worth while to make an investigation, or ever regarded the unfortunate shipper as a suspicious person. No one, as I have intimated, not even an insurance agent, could look in Tom's ingenuous countenance and believe him capable of plotting evil against any living creature.

ONE DOLLAR FOR EVERY HUMAN LIFE

If he succeeded in destroying as many as ten or a dozen ships a year, his winnings could not, therefore, have been more than five or six thousand dollars annually at most; and the scale on which he lived in Dresden would correspond to about that figure. The

crew and passengers of each vessel might average five hundred persons; so my friend's livelihood would cost the world something like one human life for each dollar that went into his pockets. But he enjoyed every cent of it, and kept his wife and children in good style on it, besides being always ready to take his turn in standing drinks for the crowd, or participating in any reasonable "lark." I remember, on one occasion, by the way, I was going to Berlin on a visit, and fixed upon Tom as my companion for the trip. When I proposed it to him, he said: "My dear boy, that would suit me up to the neck: we would have the time of our lives; but the truth is, I'm flat broke, and sha'n't have a cent inside the next month. But if you can wait till then I'll get hold of three hundred dollars, and we can do the thing to the queen's taste." However, I went without him. It turned out later (when the truth about him came out) that this three hundred dollars, which he duly received at the date he mentioned, must have been derived from the destruction of a vessel with one of his boxes on board. He was prepared to spend that money on a spree, and would, I doubt not, have enjoyed it with all the gaiety and recklessness that were innate in him.

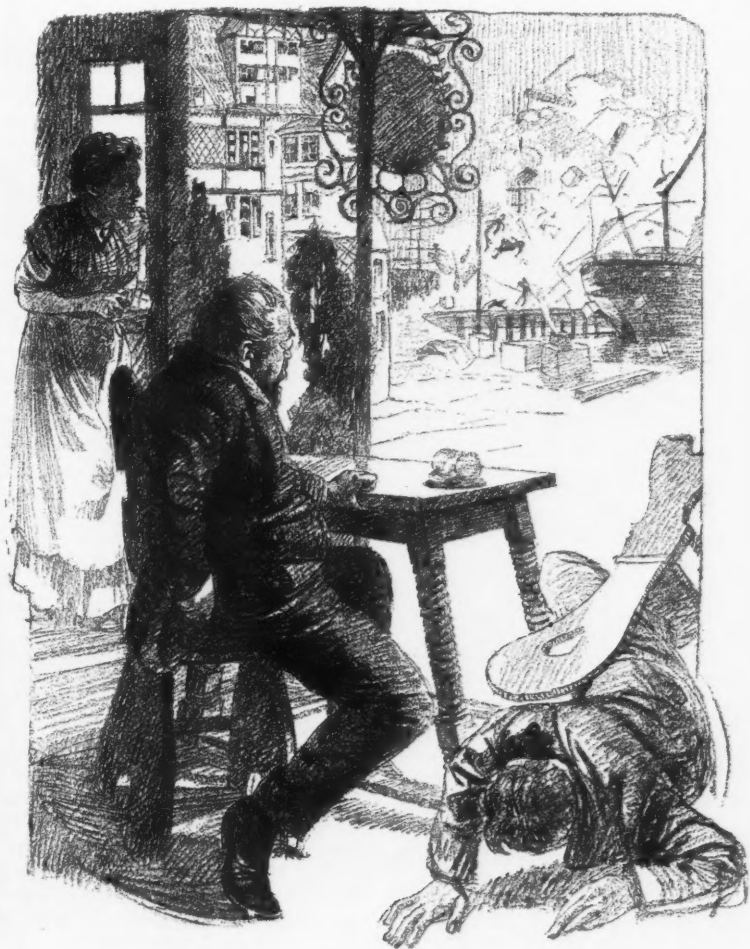
It was stated that, as a precautionary measure, he was in the habit of assembling the materials for his shipments from various quarters—the dynamite from America, the wooden and metal cases from Dresden, the clockwork from Vienna, Bernburg, or Leipzig. I know that he used to make occasional journeys to Leipzig, and that he employed an artisan there to make his clockwork. Thomas, it was afterward found, had told this man that the machines were for use in a silk-mill, and were intended to sever a thousand threads at one stroke. He once paid him a bonus of ten dollars for an extra good piece of work.

How many ships Thomas destroyed, how many lives he sacrificed, can only be conjectured: hypothetical lists were made out at the time, but the secrecy with which all his operations were carried out renders all such estimates little better than guesses, and it would not be worth while to recapitulate them here. When the catastrophe which I shall immediately describe took place, it was stated that Thomas had twenty machines in process of manufacture. This would indicate that he meant to enlarge his

business—perhaps to make one grand coup, and then to retire with the fortune accruing from it. He was of course well aware of the risk he was constantly running, from which no precautions could protect him; and he cherished dreams, perhaps, of a quiet old age with his wife and children, afar from the anxieties and uncertainties inseparable from the human struggle for wealth. But he awoke from his dream at the sound of an

explosion which also made the world sit up and wonder and afterward shudder as at a revelation from the depths of hell.

The thing came about thus: Thomas had sent a box to be shipped at Bremen on the steamship *Mosel*, and a day or two before the date of sailing, he left Dresden and journeyed to Bremen, in order to see that all went right. This had been his habitual practice; and it showed that he recognized



WITH HIS LEFT HAND HE GRASPED THE EDGE OF THE TABLE; HIS
RIGHT WENT TO HIS HIP-POCKET

the constant peril of accident, and also that he had made up his mind what to do in the event of any accident taking place. He had decided that discovery of his guilt must follow sooner or later, and was resolved not to undergo the tedium of trial and imprisonment, followed by execution for murder. He knew a shorter way out of the difficulty,

opposite him, had his back to the scene. Thomas was, as usual, in jovial spirits, his broad face ruddy and his small blue eyes sparkling with conviviality behind his spectacles. A slight protuberance under the right-hand skirt of the blue sack coat he wore might have indicated, to an observant eye, the presence of a revolver in his hip-



TOM MADE THE SPEECH OF FAREWELL, AND TEARS RAN DOWN HIS CHEEKS AS HE MADE IT

and was prepared to take it at a moment's warning.

On the afternoon of the 11th of December, 1875, a sunny day, mild enough to admit of sitting out of doors with comfort, Thomas was drinking beer with an acquaintance at a table on the sidewalk outside a saloon near the wharf. As he sat, he faced the wharf, and could see the *Mosel* lying there, while the stevedores were lowering freight into her hold with the aid of a derrick. His friend,

pocket; but he was not the object of observation or of suspicion. He was apparently at peace with all the world; no one wished him ill, and he wished ill to none. And yet he was at that moment deliberately condemning several hundred human beings to a violent and terrible death.

The stevedores hitched their tackle round a medium-sized box, and up it swung into the air. Thomas watched it, and probably knew it as his own. Up it went; and in a

couple of minutes more it would be safe in its place in the steamer's vitals, there to remain until, four days later, the steel spring should be released, and, with a tearing and deafening roar, as of fiends escaping from the Pit, the vessel should burst asunder in the sea, fifteen hundred miles from any land, and then, with all her contents, be engulfed forever. Thomas's eyes twinkled, and he raised his schoppen of beer to his lips.

THE FATE OF THOMAS

He set down the schoppen untasted. The box, just as it turned to swing over the vessel's hold, slipped from the chain loop, and fell from a height of thirty feet to the stone wharf. It broke to pieces. Instantly followed an explosion—the very crack of doom. It was a noise too outrageous and intolerable for mortal nerves. It rent the massive granite wharf into powder; it drove in the whole side of the ship and scattered it in splinters. It shattered every window-pane within a radius of half a mile. In the smoky dust which went up from it were hurtled abroad the unrecognizable shreds of what, an instant before, had been two hundred living human bodies. It knocked the companion of Thomas off his chair, and left him dazed. But Thomas remained firm in his seat. With his left hand he grasped the edge of the table; his right went to his hip-pocket. As his friend picked himself up, he saw the big man in the blue suit draw a shining revolver and put the muzzle of it between his teeth. His finger tightened on the trigger, and a bullet tore through his brain. He did not fall, but retained his position, and did not die until the following day. Meanwhile, he was questioned by the police, but to no purpose, and it is probable that he uttered no word of any kind. Certainly he revealed nothing, and it was only later that his connection with the event was established. The explosion was at first supposed to have been an accident. Afterward it was surmised that Thomas was one of a group of malefactors; but this hypothesis was never substantiated. He shared his crime with no one; and what his part had been, and what the secret meditations of his heart, will never be known in this world.

A rumor was circulated, at the time, that another of the Thomas boxes had been shipped on the steamer *City of Boston*; but this was not confirmed, and the steamer made her trip safely. The *Salier* was

another steamship for which fears were expressed for a while. Indeed, there was a panic among all ship-owners and insurance companies with whom the dead man had had dealings. As I have said, a number of other ships did mysteriously disappear soon after his death. But no one applied for insurance money on any "case of merchandise, contents unknown"; and slowly the fear died away. But for nearly a year afterward, paragraphs referring to Thomas appeared occasionally in European and American papers and periodicals. A generation has passed away since then; but still one will occasionally meet men of thirty or forty who have heard something about the "Bremen Fiend."

THE MAN AND HIS CRIMES

Thomas, I am inclined to think, had the pride of an artist in his work, a secret enthusiasm in his trade. And one of the most wonderful things about him was that he kept that terrific secret so deep down within him that its existence was never suspected by his most familiar intimates. Yet was Tom, in his ordinary walk and conversation, the least secretive man I have ever met. He would blurt out anything, things to his own disadvantage as readily as anything else. He would get drunk at the club and talk with the loosest tongue imaginable; he had no reserves, no bit or bridle of any sort. He used to do many things which propriety forbade; and he would blab of them, in the confidences of intoxication, till you were certain you had seen to the very bottom of his foolish soul. And yet, all the while, that blackest and most hideous of secrets was lying within there, and he was so secure about it that he had no fear that the veil would be pushed aside. It was so deep down, perhaps, that he could not have reached it if he would. How could the least guarded of men be at the same time the most abysmally impenetrable? Was there a whole man, of diabolic and terrific proportions and purposes—a Mr. Hyde such as even Stevenson never dared imagine—whom we never caught one glimpse of, or dreamed of, hidden somewhere in that huge body? Was the man we saw, and thought we knew, only an actor's part, consummately and unremittently played? It must have been so; and yet, I don't know! Somehow, I cannot think of Tom as insincere. His crimes were in some way distinct from himself; as Byron

says of man's love—that it is “a thing apart.” The devil had a part in him; but it had been agreed between them, when the bargain was made, that Tom, so long as he lived, was to retain his care-free and light-hearted disposition unaffected by the awful compact. Besides, I have little doubt that Tom was a thoroughgoing fatalist. He believed that it is appointed unto all men once to die, and that if he so arranged things that the death should be the occasion of profit to himself it altered nothing in the course of destiny. I have a special ground for this conviction, which I will now relate.

At one period of my Dresden sojourn, I had occasion to visit London to get out the English copyright on one of my books. I planned to leave on a certain steamer that called at Southampton on its way to New York. I did not expect to return to Dresden, but to take up my residence in England. When I told Tom of this, he expressed great and, as I felt at the time and still believe, sincere regret at losing an old and loved friend. He inquired with (as I thought) somewhat singular particularity the name of the vessel on which I intended to leave. When I told him, he sat silent for a time, and his ruddy and jovial countenance expressed, or seemed to express, genuine trouble; so that I felt that here was a man who truly cared for me. Finally he said: “Well, old man, partings are bad things; but they have to come, and we must make the best of ’em. No telling, you know, when you say good-by to a friend, whether you’ll ever see him

again. I’m sorry you’re going; but if you must, why, you must, that’s all! So I’ll tell you what I’ll do; we’ll get our crowd together, and I’ll give you a good-by dinner—a bang-up one, with all the fixings. If there’s a man there that goes to bed sober, he’ll be no friend of mine afterward. We’ll drink your health, my boy, with all the honors; and whatever happens, don’t you

forget that Tom was your friend, and will see you through to the last—don’t you forget it!” And thereupon he shook my hand with the grip and emphasis of the giant that he was, and at once set about the preparations for the dinner.

Well, what of it? Only this; that there was a box of Tom’s scheduled to be shipped on the very steamer which was to carry me to Southampton and also, according to Tom’s calculation, to another world. He knew, when he made that speech to me, that I was doomed to die by his means, and that, when he bade me farewell, it would be forever. He was sorry—why should I doubt it?—and was ready to spend a part of the money



HE APPEARED TO RECOGNIZE THAT HE HAD THROWN A SINISTER LIGHT UPON HIMSELF

my death would bring him in giving me a “bang-up” farewell banquet. He was a fatalist, and the creed of fatalism was in the words he spoke to me. The dinner was given, and no expense was spared, as the penny-a-liners say; and Tom made the speech of farewell, and tears ran down his cheeks as he made it. He embraced me, and we were all very much affected; and why should he have gone to this trouble and expense if he had been pretending? I feel sure that he meant every word and dollar

of it; though I am not quite so sure that he also meant all the pleasure that he expressed when, a few days afterward, circumstances caused me to alter my plans so that I went by another boat. He had made his little fatalistic poem about me—his elegy, so to say—and may not have been altogether gratified when the emotion and the money turned out to have been wasted. But that is only my surmise; who knows anything about a man like this?

I have said that we had no cause for suspecting that everything about Tom was not open to the fullest inspection; but this is perhaps not quite accurate. I have alluded to the rumor that he had been a blockade-runner during the Civil War; there was a certain flavor of the sea about him, though not such as to appear to any extent in his language. But he was fearless, reckless, powerful; and one could imagine him captain of a privateer, or perhaps even of a pirate, except that we could not have pictured Tom as making anybody walk the plank. He would have been certain to spare him at the last moment, and to invite him to take a drink and eat something. Whether or not he actually had been a pirate or a blockade-runner I cannot say; but obviously, if he had been, those industries must have seemed tame to him in the retrospect, when he contrasted them with the monstrous occupation which he followed during the latter years of his life. What would I not give for a complete biography of Tom, from the cradle upward, subjective as well as objective!

There was one other thing that might have afforded us a gleam of light on his character, had our eyes, seeing, been able to see. One afternoon, in the club, a smart young snippet of fashion, whom I shall call Fred, had been showing off some tricks of legerdemain, and amusing us by producing handkerchiefs out of our hats and silver coins from our ears and noses. Finally he came round to where Tom sat, ponderous and

placid, looking out of the window abstractedly with his little twinkling eyes, and thinking, it may be, of the scene on the ship when his next machine went off. Fred began to extract inexplicable purses and bank-notes out of Tom's inner pockets and hat-linings, while the big, red-haired fellow sat inert; when all of a sudden a startling change took place in him. He sat erect, and a dark look frowned over his broad visage; he grasped the slender wrist of the prestidigitator, and almost crushed it in his massive grip.

"You quit!" he said, in a snarling, rasping voice, quite new to us. "I've seen men shot dead for less than that!"

Those words have never left my memory; they came like the explosion of a cannon in the reposeful midst of us. Though not very loud, there was such force behind them that they seemed to be driven clean through the slender frame of the unfortunate youth thus addressed, who staggered back appalled. And they left with the rest of us, who were astonished spectators of the incident, a vision of scenes of violence and passion in the past such as we had never before connected with our ideas of Tom. He appeared to recognize that he had thrown a sinister light upon himself; he lapsed into sullen silence, and soon rose and left the room. But after he had gone, we presently recovered our spirits, and told each other that poor Tom must have got out of bed wrong foot foremost that morning; that his wife had probably been scolding him, and other inanities of the kind. None of us imagined that we had had a glimpse of the true nature of one of the great wholesale murderers of mankind.

All the same, none of us afterward felt quite the same toward Tom as before; though our relations with him continued outwardly unaltered there was the perception of some cloud over them. I left Dresden not long after, and never saw him again. Two years, or less, later came the revelation. But I feel that it was only a superficial revelation, after all.



Neighbors

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Illustrated by John Cassel



ON his left was the blue Salt Pond, wrinkled with the wind; and beyond it, across the wind-blown strip of beach that held it in from the sea, was the Atlantic itself, piling its combers on the shore. Listening sharply, above the buzz of insects in the grass, the whisper of the wind, the myriad voices of a summer day, he could hear the steady march of these breakers two miles away, the thorough-bass of the surf. To his right the sand-dunes rolled landward into meadows and farms, gathering finally up in a long, low, wooded hill that stretched east and west to the horizon, like a great wave of the land coming down to meet the sea. Over his head the blue sky deepened to the zenith, where the noon sun rode hot and cloudless.

He was very happy. He filled his lungs with the salt-tanged air; he strode rapidly along the path by the edge of the pond; he stopped on every knoll to gaze out on the expanse of sky and sea and green, water-gemmed land, taking off his hat as if in the presence of the Sublime. Once he threw himself down on the grass and held a tuft of unraked sweet hay to his nose, drawing in its perfume thirstily. He had left New York on the early train that morning—left it stewing in a temperature of 93°—for his first vacation in two years. He felt he had a right, if he reflected on the matter at all, to indulge his starved physical man to the full, to drink of the wine of pure air, to gratify the lust of the eye for open spaces and the gardening of God. He began to sing. He sang "Hark, hark, the lark," at the top of his register and with the full power of his lungs. He didn't sing it so well as Sembrich sings it, but he would have if feeling blithe could do it.

Suddenly he heard an answering note

from the pond around the headland before him. A distinctly feminine voice cried "Hoo-oo-oo," the accent rising on the first syllable and falling on the prolonged second. There was an appeal for help in the voice, and he ran along the path.

Thirty or forty feet out from shore a little catboat was perched comfortably on a hidden bar, its sail flapping protestingly; and in the bow the captain and crew—a flushed, annoyed maiden in white with her sleeves rolled up—was making futile efforts to pole the craft back into deep water.

"I'll wade out and help you," he called.

"You'll cut your feet—it's an oyster-bar," she called back.

"I'll keep my shoes on," he answered, and with the joy of a reckless schoolboy he plunged into the water and began to wade. The girl rested on her oar and watched him solicitously. He managed to keep on the top of the bar, in water not much over his knees, and soon reached the boat. He smiled up at her. "Held that tack a little too long, eh?" he said.

"I wanted to squeeze round Peckham's Point on the next one," she answered, "and I forgot this old bar. It ought to be staked out, anyway. You're awfully good."

She climbed down into the stern and shoved with the oar while he lifted the bow with an effort, and the boat slid off. He climbed aboard dripping as the girl swung the tiller round and pointed across the pond.

"Excuse me," he said. "I might have waded back, mightn't I, if I'd been careful not to lose my footing when I shoved? You can land me at the nearest pier. But I did want a sail pretty badly."

"I guess you deserve it," laughed the girl, glancing at his soaked trousers that sagged heavily down over his shoes. "It was awfully kind of you to soak yourself for my landlubberly carelessness. Are you a fine sailor yourself?"



SHE SHOVED WITH THE OAR WHILE HE LIFTED THE BOW, AND THE BOAT SLID OFF

"I was pretty good once," he answered, "but the worst thing I've rounded in two years is the Flatiron Building."

"Personally, I prefer Point Judith in a nor'easter," said the girl with a twinkle, as the boat squeezed by what he took to be Peckham's Point; and she squared away down the long stretch of shimmering pond and let the boom run out. The man stood up by the mast and drank in the scene.

Far ahead the roofs of a distant summer colony made a silver point in the sun. To port, beyond the green-and-yellow thread of protecting beach, the topsails of a passing schooner caught the light. To starboard was Rhode Island. Unconsciously he squared his chest and stretched forth his arms as if to welcome the great outdoors. Turning, he caught the girl regarding him quizzically. One of her brown hands

gripped the tiller, the other the sheet. Her feet were braced, and the chasing wind was blowing her rebellious locks about her face. It was a very pretty face, and just now it seemed to ask of him: "What is your story, anyway? What sort of a man are you?" It was not distrustful, it was keenly interested.

"I was a water baby once," he smiled down at her. "I'm greeting my long-lost brothers and sisters, the wind and the waves and the brown seaweed. Don't be surprised at anything I may do."

"I'm not surprised, I'm pleased," she answered. "So many of us forget that we were water babies, or wood babies, or whatever sort of wild things we were."

"That's the trouble with towns," he said, "they make us forget."

"I don't know that you can blame towns especially," said she. "I've seen lots of country people and seafarers who'd forgotten."

"I don't believe there were lots," he objected. "Folks who live in the woods or on the sea may not say anything about it after they grow up, but as a rule they never forget. Your old salt at seventy loves his sea better than his 'old woman,' or at least with a more romantic affection, and the countryman of fourscore is sensitive to every shade of change in the seasons, as one feels the moods of his closest companion. But the only way we know that the season has changed in New York is by the shop-windows. Nature is utterly banished. No wonder we forget."

"You live in New York?" queried the girl.

"I make my living there, if that is what you mean," he answered.

"I live there myself," said she. "Of course this is better, but you'll admit New York has its compensations, won't you? We get something in return for what we lose."

"Oh, yes," he replied. "We get nervous prostration and tuberculosis and big salaries, which we spend as fast as we get them, and similar blessings. Personally, I'd rather have health and a few neighbors. That's one of the great troubles with New York—you've four million people around you, but no neighbors."

"I was born in New York," said the girl. "I'm afraid I don't really know what it's like to have neighbors. It must be nice."

"It's a sort of accident insurance on your

reputation," he answered. "It's to know that if you get into trouble you've a little community of friends who'll stand by you; it's to feel that if you are sick or suffer somebody cares; it's to share your interests with others, interest in a wedding or a funeral or a school election or a new sidewalk. You grow up with your neighbors, you know the intimacies of their lives, you go through happiness, sorrow, danger, with them. You learn what the Good Book means by many things—or at least you did when I was a boy in New England. I have no neighbors now."

"It's not much like knowing the names of the people in the next flat, is it?" said the girl.

"It is not," he replied a little wistfully. "For two mortal lonely years I've—" He did not finish the sentence, for he had suddenly looked astern, and his face went grave. "Can you make the shore here?" he asked.

"Not till the end of the pond. It's too shallow all along here to get within two hundred feet of the shore. Why?" Then she, too, looked astern.

The sudden thunder-clouds were piling up over the hill, and even as they watched a jagged streak of lightning lit up the hollows where the wind was huddled.

"I'll give it twenty minutes to get here," said the man. "And there'll be a blow for fair. Have we room in the pond to run with it?"

"We've got five miles," she answered.

"Not enough," said he. "We'll have to anchor."

"No, let's try it," urged the girl. "I'm not afraid. Besides, the wind won't last long."

He was in a mood for taking chances, especially as they were not on the open ocean and the danger of a big sea kicking up was remote. "Come about," he said.

They tacked back as the black clouds crept up over the sun. The sudden hush before the storm was broken only by the roll of thunder. The wind died almost down. Then suddenly up the pond they saw the steel-gray water churn beneath the coming gale. The girl fell on the tiller and squared away. There was a gust of great raindrops, a churning in the sea behind them, and as she hauled in the sheet while the sail came down the storm hit. It was a mad scramble to furl the sail and cleat the boom, the tiller

batting the girl's knees and the gale playing havoc with her skirts and her hair. But it was done finally, and the man climbed back to take the tiller as the boat scudded under her bare pole on the hissing water. The wind was a tantrum and the rain a deluge. The lightning played around them, and the thunder rolled back from the hills. The girl was half laughing, half silenced with fright. Her hair was down about her shoulders and her hat gone.

"The gale's carried away most of your upper rigging," laughed her companion.

An eddy in the storm caught them as he spoke and laid the lee rail under suddenly. He put over the tiller only to be caught on the other side, shipping a wave before the boat righted. The lightning was incessant and terrible. The girl clung to his arm in sudden terror. Her thin clothes were wrapped close to her person, soaked as they were with the deluge, and he could see her pink shoulders shiver under the sopped, cold muslin.

"It's worse than I bargained for," she gasped.

"Brace up!" he cheered her. "This won't last ten minutes, and there's no sea to speak of on this pond; that's where the only real danger would be."

But it was a long ten minutes; the pond was lashed into unwonted fury, a fury of cross-currents and short, high, choppy seas. Without warning one came in astern. It knocked the girl half off her seat and set the cockpit awash. The little boat began to roll dangerously on the uncertain water and in the shifty gale.

"Give her all her board and bail like the mischief," cried the man, as he struggled to keep her steady.

The girl, half up to her knees in water, bailed frantically. Twice she was thrown down and rose dripping to her task; but the boat began to right under her efforts, and before the blow passed it was riding on a fairly even keel. Pale, wet, shivering, a good deal awed and thankful, they looked at

each other, strangers hurled together in the intimacy of danger, as the gale swept by and the curtain of the thunder-clouds rolled up. She extended her chill, dripping fingers, and silently they shook hands.

Making sail once more, they saw the cottages at the end of the pond emerge from the withdrawing mist of rain. As they approached the pier the sun was on the wet, shining roofs, and the purpled remnant of the storm was out on the blue Atlantic. They saw an excited crowd of people on the pier, evidently awaiting them. A great waving of handkerchiefs and shouting began.

"Good heavens!" said the girl, "I'd forgotten them. They must have been half crazy about me. I shall introduce you as my deliverer—when I know who you are!"

"Deliverer, rubbish!" said the man, wringing the water out of his coat and fishing a limp piece of pasteboard from his pocket. "You were the grit of the crew. But here is my card."

"West Eleventh Street!" cried the girl. "Why, I live only three numbers away from you! We're neighbors, aren't we?"

"It's not done me much good till now," he smiled. "But now I thank you, neighbor, for a most delightful sail."

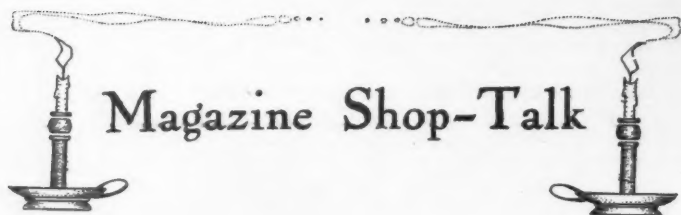
"We were not really neighbors, you know," she replied, "until, as you put it, we'd gone through some sorrow or danger together." Once more she touched his hand, and stepped out upon the pier into the waiting arms of her friends.

Later, dressed in somebody else's clothes, he came out on the veranda. A trap was waiting to carry him back to his own lodgings. The girl rose to say good-by.

"Neighbors are expected to see each other often, aren't they?" she said. "I don't know much about it." Her hair was still wet and clung in little damp curls against her ears and neck, but her eyes were snapping with the zest of adventure.

"I shall endeavor to instruct you," said he, as he climbed into the trap.





Magazine Shop-Talk

A Bigger and Better Cosmopolitan

BEGINNING with the next issue the number of pages in the COSMOPOLITAN will be substantially increased. By this means we shall be enabled to give more space to several of our most popular features. A large majority of our subscribers tell us that they enjoy the theatrical scenes and portraits greatly. Consequently we shall have more of these, and they will always be presented in a novel and interesting fashion. We are planning several new and surprising pictorial effects in this line. The subscription price remains for the present at \$1 a year, and we hint at the great advantage that will accrue to those who avail themselves of this rate, for they will receive the magazine for almost half what they pay by purchasing it every month. Therefore be wise and send in your subscription without delay.

The October Cosmopolitan

A FEATURE OF THIS NUMBER will be an article on society women and their children, beautifully illustrated in two colors. The pictorial material has been carefully chosen from photographs and paintings of women prominent in the highest social circles of this country, and their young children. It would be hard to match in beauty, charm, and interest the collection of portraits here presented.

WILLIAM H. TAFT is a contributor to the October COSMOPOLITAN. The presidential nominee has written the introduction to an article by Robert H. Murray entitled "The Most Hated American in China," describing the remarkable circumstances leading to the appointment of Lebbeus R. Wilfley as judge of the United States Circuit Court for China. The details of Judge Wilfley's struggle with the forces for evil that prevailed in that strangest of communities, the

foreign settlement of Shanghai, have never been told in a magazine. It is a most interesting story.

A READER OF THE COSMOPOLITAN writes us that the "Owners of America" articles have a fascination for him because they have shown "that there are men whom, not fortune, not favoritism, but forceful energy and broad-gaged common sense place in the forefront of the leaders of thought, finance, and the tremendous activities of the world." And besides this there is a unanimity of opinion that the series has provided entertainment and pleasure as well as food for thought. In October, Mr. Lewis describes another great "owner" in his inimitable manner. And as usual the article will be copiously illustrated.

THE FICTION FOR OCTOBER is especially good and appeals to every taste. No doubt you are by this time so absorbed in Anthony Partridge's thrilling novel, "Passers-By," that it will seem a long time to wait for the next number. Morgan Robertson contributes a most exciting yarn of the sea, "The Hairy Devil," which is admirably illustrated by Gordon M. McCouch. Roy Norton, author of that very popular novel, "The Vanishing Fleets," has one of the best short stories he has ever written, "Big Jim's Renunciation." "The Story of Judith," by Mary White Slater, will make a strong appeal to every woman reader of the magazine. Besides these there are stories by Ambrose Bierce, Bruno Lessing, Winifred Scatcherd, and others. The number of theatrical portraits will, as announced above, be largely increased, and Alan Dale describes in his most witty fashion the charm of the women of the French stage. A new monthly feature of the COSMOPOLITAN will be inaugurated in the October number. That is a series of comic drawings by the cleverest of America's humorous artists.

Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

THE LATEST AND SWEETEST thing in historical novels is "Augustus, a Tale of the Trojan War." Its "appeal" is to the anachronistic.

"BOHEMIA," says Mr. Arthur Ransome, "is only a stage in a man's life." It is the tap-room of a wayside inn on the road from Boeotia to Philistia.

LORD CROMER, who for a quarter-century virtually ruled Egypt and has told the story in a notable book, is said to have been invited to this country to have luncheon with the President. Soon or late distinguished service will have its reward.

ELINOR GLYN presents "The Sayings of a Grandmother." Wan and wasted survivors of her "Three Weeks" may possibly find in them some stray "hairs of the dog" to medicine their emaciation and put them on a weighing basis.

THE MAYOR of Lichfield is asking for subscriptions to restore the house in which Dr. Samuel Johnson had the condescension to be born.

"Sir, preservation of natal habitations has neither the advocacy of the reverent nor the adjuvancy of the wise."

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE" is expounded for readers of English by Henry L. Menken. Without wishing to raise the question of comparative soundness between Nietzsche's philosophy before he lost his mind and Nietzsche's philosophy afterward, it is permitted to us to wish that Mr. Menken had expounded both, whereby all tastes might be suited.

ONE MAY NOW read in French (or in English from the French) the famous Abyssinian book, "The Glory of Kings," written



in the fifth century. It relates the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon and is the source of the Abyssinian belief that those ancient notables were ancestors of King Menelek and his predecessors. The marriage is not of record, but neither is that of Adam and Eve.

IF ONE IS CONFIDENT of having the genius to write well on "The Scientific Examination of the Uniqueness and Significance of Christianity in the Light of the History of Religions" one may fitly enter the contest for the prize offered by the Hague Association for the Defense of Christianity. That is the thesis chosen by the Association for this year. If Christianity needs defense it may be "significant," but it is not "unique."

IT IS NOT THE least fallible test, but a poet's use or non-use of the word "doth," when not writing in the solemn style, goes near to marking his "competency of speech." Judged by it, Mr. Arthur Upson would be accounted an undesirable citizen of the republic of letters, for he is prone to "doth" as sparks fly upward. Yet he has written,

The day is like a Sabbath in a swoon,
and many another admirable line. But
"doth yearn," "doth see"—why *will* he be
like that?

MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY is an Englishman who has been among us taking notes. He finds two languages here, English and American. American is "heard at the street-corners, although it is still English that is written in the study." By the former he means slang, and he affirms its superiority to the latter—as we write it. How the dear fellow must enjoy the "poetical diffusions" of the great Mr. Lampton, the foremost Gee-whizzer of our Western Parnassus!

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN, author of the latest "call" book ("The Call of the Deep"), apologizes for his failure in word-painting a storm by saying that "in any attempt to describe what a hurricane at sea is like there always lies a keen sense of inability, words seem so paltry to express the reality of the scene." Well, there is no compulsion—Mr. Bullen is not forced to attack the impossible. But how is this by Defoe?—"The sea rose so high that we were near being swamped." If it be urged that this is not word-painting I confess I know not how to meet the objection.

UNDER THE TITLE "Raising a Family" Mr. Edward S. Martin begins thus, "After all, what an extraordinary [meaning wonderful] speculation it is to raise a child." In our country "raise," like "fix," is a word of all work. We (most of us) say, "raise children," "raise cattle," "raise corn," "raise—" well, never mind. Writers who do not get their knowledge of the language from the streets and the dictionaries prefer to say, "bring up children," "breed cattle," and "grow corn." Yes, I know; it's a free country, but, thank Heaven! I had no hand in making it so.

THE MORAL RIGHT of Mr. Henry James to rewrite his own stories has not yet been generally, nor even widely, conceded; the battle of opinion is still raging, or was when I ran away. From the point of view of the extreme rear it looks like "anybody's fight" as far as it has gone. In this state of the quarrel one blast upon the bugle-horn of Mr. James himself were worth ten thousand men. Unluckily he is pretty long-winded: his blast might keep us all awake till the judgment day, making Gabriel's trumpet-note a needless and unnoted performance.

APROPOS OF THE REBUKE administered to that distinguished Manx legislator, Mr. Hall Caine, for sitting in his place in the House

of Keys wearing knickerbockers, he explains that he is too busy to change his costume frequently. Heavens on earth! does he *sleep* in knickerbockers? He must pardon me if the incident recalls the anecdote of the country lad sitting on a fence by the roadside without a shirt.

"Where is your shirt, my boy?" asked a compassionate traveler.

"In the wash."

"But have you no other?"

"Would you want a feller to have a thousand shirts?"

FORTY-SEVEN LETTERS from Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener are slated for publication, to sate the appetites of persons who are not ashamed to read another's private correspondence. "Just how far this (*sic*) new data," says one who has the appetite, "will take the Shelleyan student in his attempted analysis of the poet's character and the probable motives which inspired him in various regrettable occurrences that checkered his career it is too early to say." If the "new data" do not happen to take him very far he may find consolation in the fact that the matter of Shelley's character and motives should not concern him anyhow. That is, he may find that fact consoling if the shock of disappointment shall have made a man of him.

WE HAVE A NEW EDITION of "The Diary of Master William Silence," by the Rt. Hon. D. H. Madden, chancellor of the University of Dublin. The author makes a new and valuable contribution to the literature of Shakespeare's omniscience in the conclusion that the great Avonian knew all about the out-of-door sports of Elizabethan England. This supports the popular opinion that Shakespeare knew everything, against the conviction of Tolstoy that he did not know anything. Indubitably he knew too little about the construction of plays, but indubitably Tolstoy knows nothing at all about poetry.



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